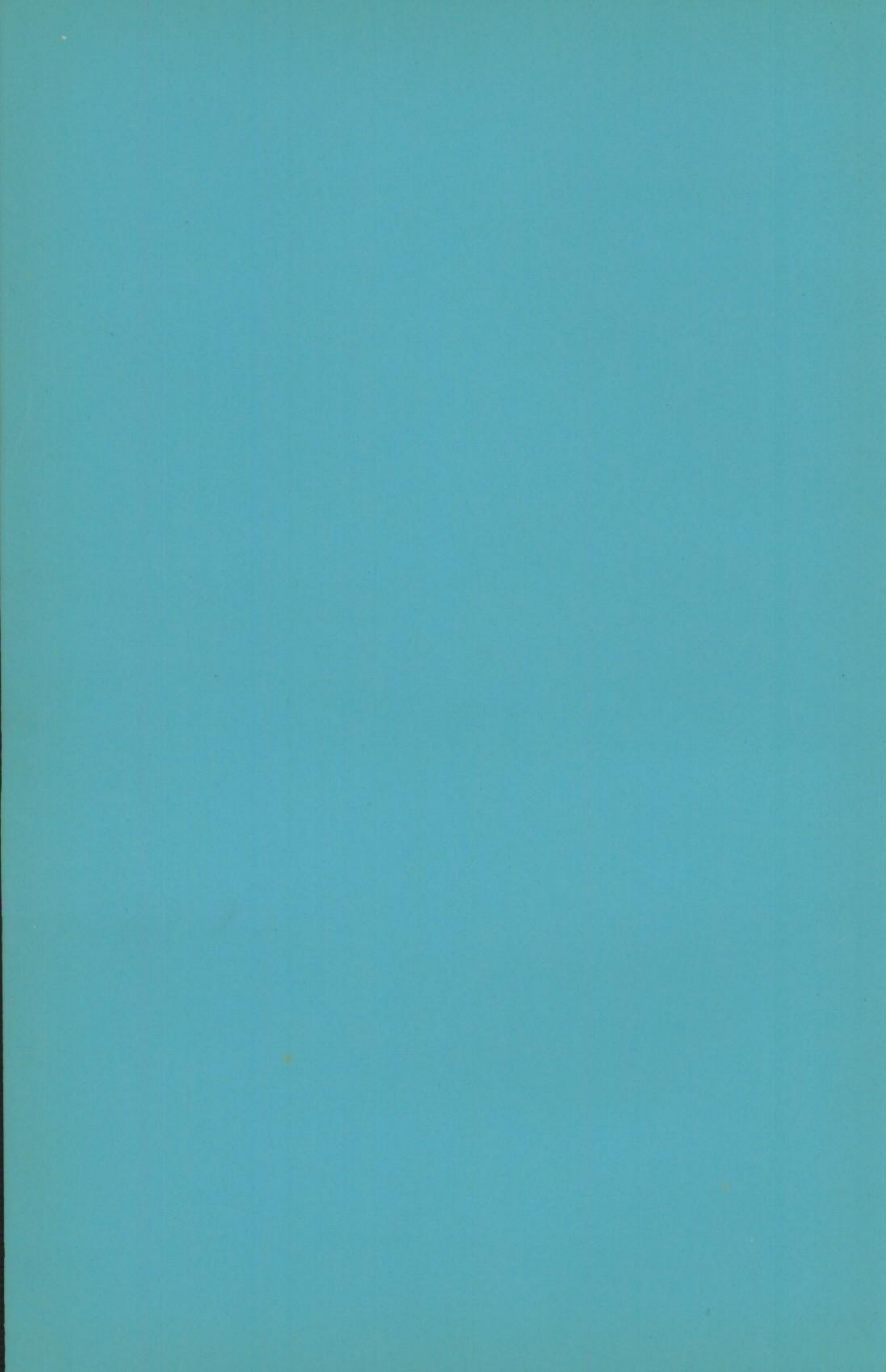


PORTLAND HIGH SCHOOL
REVIEW

1922

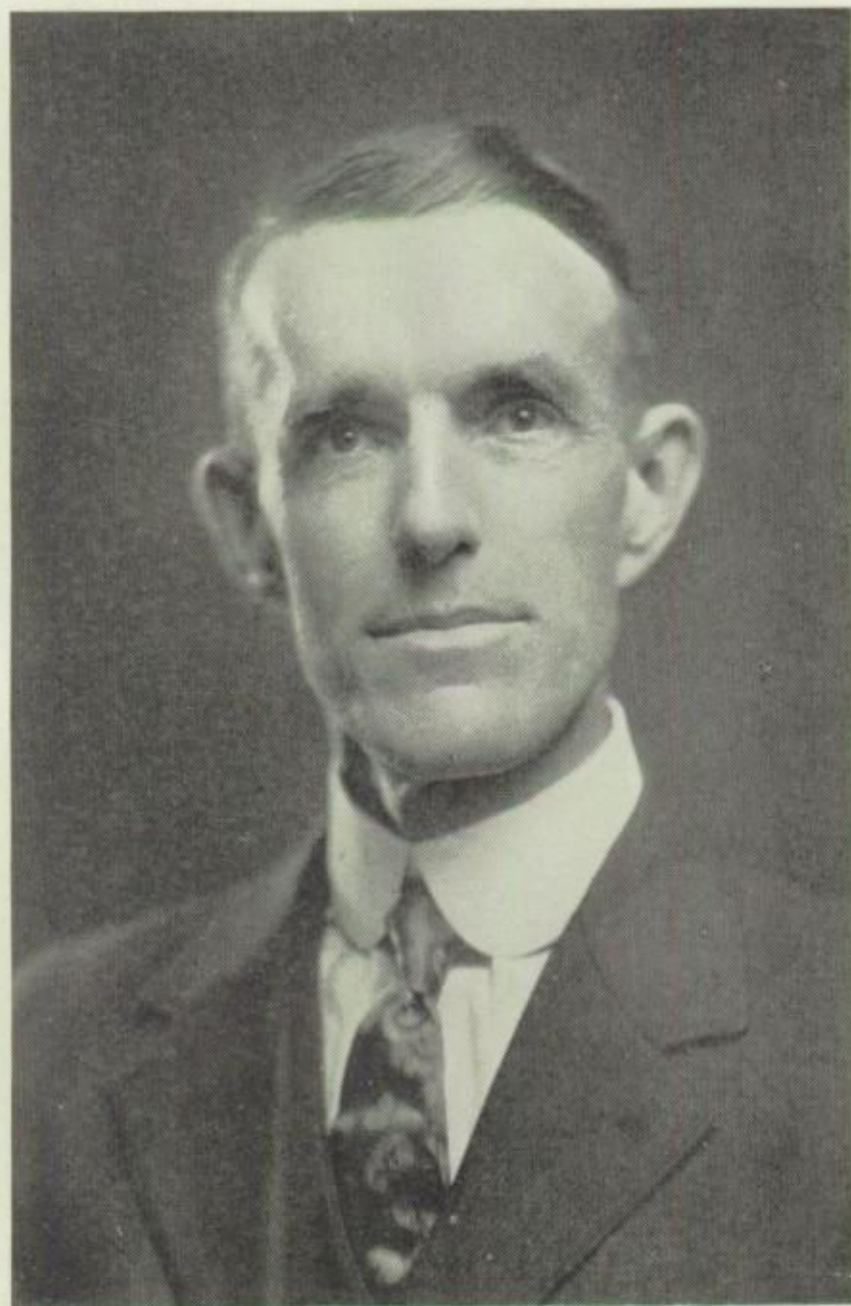




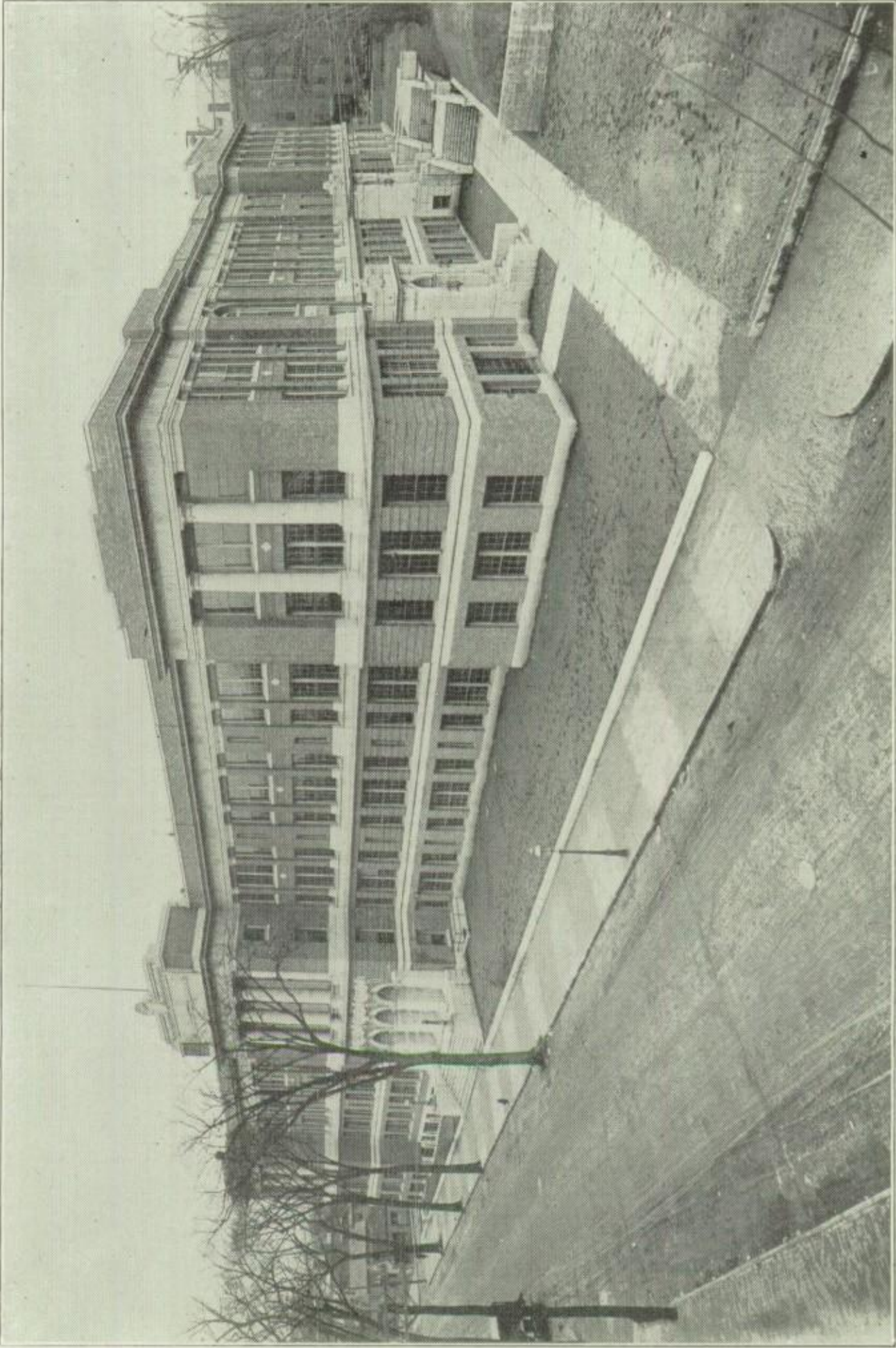
PORTLAND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF
PORTLAND HIGH SCHOOL, PORTLAND,
MAINE, ANNO DOMINI MDCCCXXII



*To our beloved Principal
Arthur W. Lowe
who listens patiently to our grievances,
who willingly assists us to solve our
problems; who is kind, sympathetic,
warm-hearted and genial, we respect-
fully dedicate this token of our affection*



PORTLAND HIGH SCHOOL

FOREWORD

 HIS is the second year that Portland High School has published a year book. In several respects the book of this year differs from that of last year, not because the P. H. S. Year Book of 1921 was defective or poor, but because circumstances have changed since last year. It was thought advisable to give our book this year a name which would indicate its character. The name "The Review" was chosen because of its peculiar fitness.

In this issue, we, the editors, have devoted more space to the Senior Class than has been done formerly. This was done because the Seniors are leaving the school. The clubs and athletics go on from year to year, but a student is a Senior but once. In order to give the Seniors more space without limiting the activities, we have been forced to compile a book that is considerably larger than the issue of last year. This means more work, more cost, and more chance to make mistakes.

This is a book for the entire school, and we submit it to the entire school. It is not perfect—high school year books seldom are—but it represents the best endeavors of your fellow students. We ask you to bear in mind that we cannot please everybody, but we have sincerely tried to please the majority of the students.



So much has been said about school spirit that it may seem strange that we take the space to mention it here. But school spirit means something more than most of us realize. You may attend all the football games and still not have school spirit if you do things that bring discredit on the school. Yes, school spirit is something broader and finer than merely supporting the athletic teams. Every deed you do, every word you say, reflects upon your school.

From Portland High School the graduates go forth into the world; some to higher institutions of learning, and others into the business world. A Portland High School diploma gives the student a slight start after graduation, and then he is left to his own resources. Portland High boosts you. Will you boost Portland High?

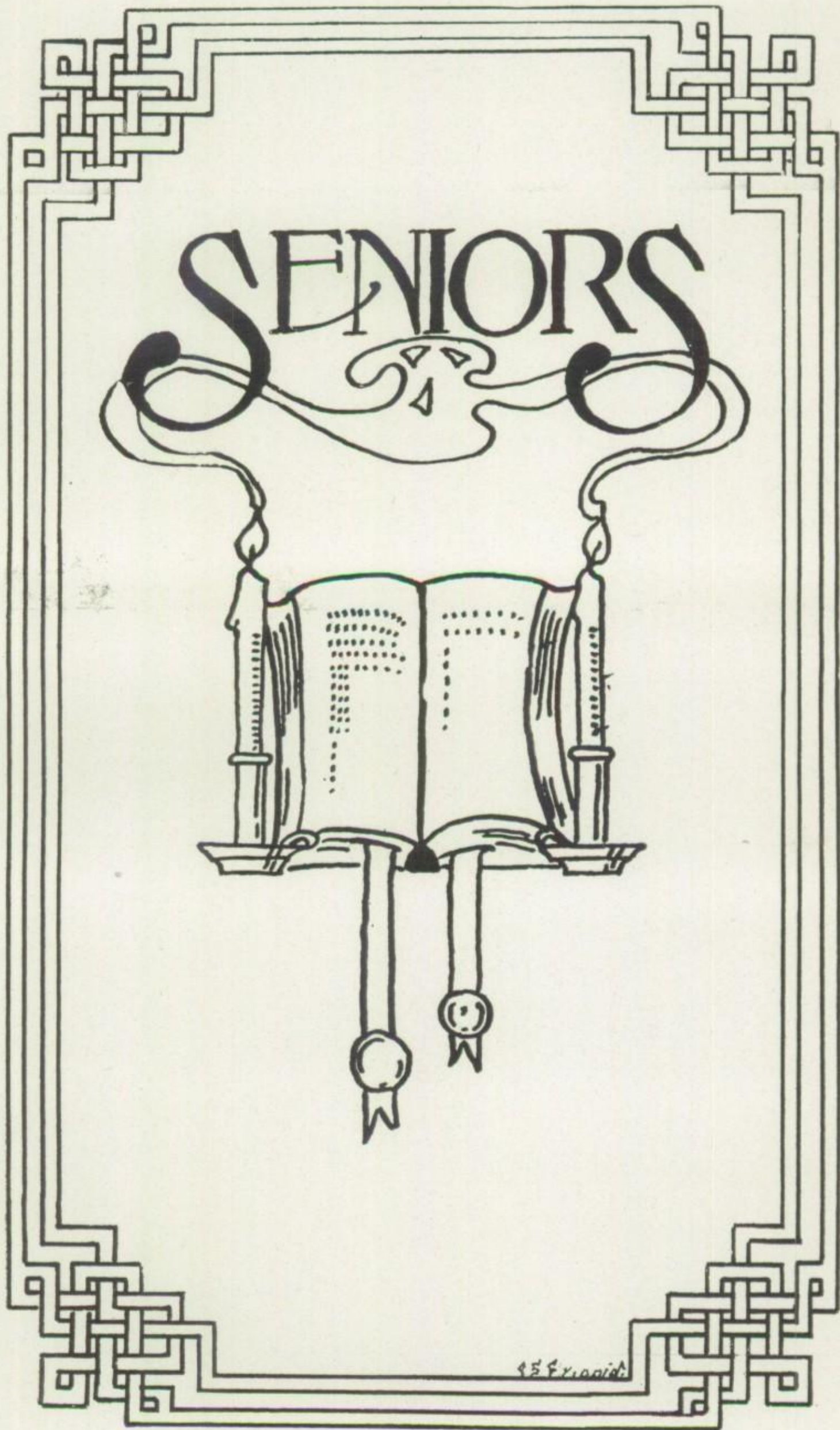
School spirit consists of doing things on every possible occasion that reflect credit and honor on your school. "When you have left the Blue and White, whatever worth while things you do, do them for Portland High. Remember the principles for which she stands and abide by them."

"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

To Mr. Lowe and our faculty advisers, who have assisted us invaluablely in producing this book, we can only say that we thank you.

PORTLAND HIGH SCHOOL DIARY

- September 19. School opened.
September 26-30. No Accident Week.
October 12. Columbus Day.
October 24. Exhibition of Etchings.
October 25. Portland-Bangor Football Game.
November 3. Portland-Waltham Football Game.
November 7-10. Better Speech Week.
November 11. Armistice Day.
November 22. Portland-Deering Football Game.
December 8. Americanization Assembly.
December 21. Christmas Assembly.
December 22. Alumni Night.
February 23. Senior Class Election.
March 10. Portland-Lewiston Debate.
March 14. Honor Parts Announced.
April 22. Senior Class Play.
April 25. Freshman-Sophomore Debate.
April 27. Cadet Ball.
May 1-7. May Vacation.
May 16. Gymnasium Exhibition.
May 30. Memorial Day.
June 23. Graduation.





Back row, left to right: B. Wilson, M. Fryatt, M. Hay, S. Christensen, D. Peabody, E. Cook.
Front row: E. Webster, N. Cobb, G. Hincks, T. Markson.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President, NATHAN COBB

Vice-President, ELEANOR WEBSTER

Secretary, GENEVE HINCKS

Treasurer, THEODORE MARKSON

Executive Board

EDWARD COOK
 JAMES FAY
 GEORGE REED
 BURTON WILSON

STELLA CHRISTENSEN
 MARION FRYATT
 MARIE HAY
 DORIS PEABODY



MESSAGE OF THE SENIOR CLASS PRESIDENT

Nathan Allen Cobb

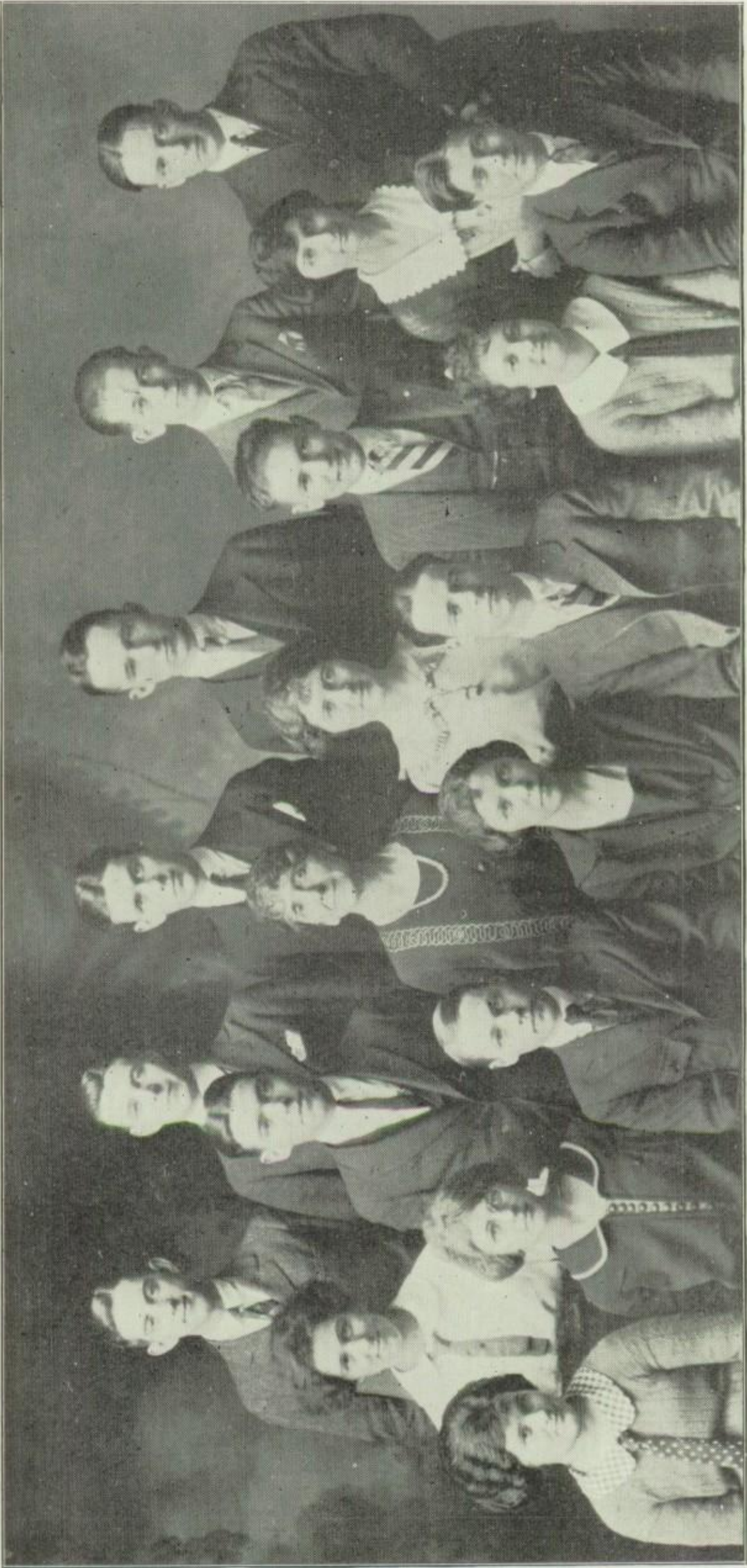
As we of the Senior Class are gathered with the rest of the student body in this assembly hall, we feel somewhat saddened as we realize that it is for the last time. We shall go through life immeasurably aided by our work here and we shall always retain fond memories of our four years at Portland High School.

The graduating class is the first to have had the advantages of four years in this wonderful new building. We wish to express our appreciation of this privilege to all who have been connected with the great task of procuring it for us, and especially to our former principal, Mr. Jack. Now, as our superintendent, may he continue to be associated for many years with the schools of Portland. Mr. Jack has worked hard and faithfully to gain for this school the high reputation it now holds. Not a little of this success has been due to our able and efficient teachers, and now this school stands as the conception of their ideals. But if this school is to remain in its high position and is to continue in its progress, the student body itself has certain duties and responsibilities which cannot be overlooked.

The first of these is loyalty to Mr. Lowe, who is ably filling the responsible position left vacant by Mr. Jack. Every student of Portland, from the smallest freshman to the most dignified post graduate, should co-operate with Mr. Lowe.

Another duty is support of the different activities. I cannot emphasize too much the importance of taking part in at least one of the school's organizations. If a student is fond of sports, he can surely find, among the many, one that will interest him and in which he may become proficient. Or, if his capabilities lie along literary or musical lines, he can join one of those organizations.

But, on the other hand, while I feel that the sports and activities form an important part of school life, the student body must not let these, with their outside interests, interfere with the most important side, the business of studying. There are so many sports, so many activities, so much to do in the afternoon, so much to do in the evening, that it is very easy to forget the duty we owe to our school. Study is the backbone of a school; with it, properly associated with the allied interests of school life, Portland High School will keep up her high standard of education and will continue to send forth all-round men and women equipped for the responsibilities of life.



THE SENIOR CLASS PLAY

THE Senior Class Play this year was one of the most successful productions in several years. "Clarence," by Booth Tarkington, was selected for the Class of '22, and, like most of Mr. Tarkington's works, it was a "best seller." The play shows much of the author's knowledge of human nature and abounds in humorous incidents, having, however, nothing of the coarse or vulgar.

The setting and scenery were of the finest, and showed that much time and effort had been spent by the business management.

The story is about a discharged soldier who gets a job at the home of Mr. Wheeler, a big New York business man. Clarence's only qualification is that he can drive mules without swearing. The Wheeler family is on the verge of a great crisis: Mrs. Wheeler keeps borrowing trouble; Miss Pinney, Cora's governess, has nearly exhausted her patience. Added to this, Bobby Wheeler is expelled from his third preparatory school; Mr. Stem, a grass widower, has been forcing his attentions upon Miss Pinney, and Mr. Wheeler has just about given up hope. Clarence appears upon the scene, and somehow everything grows brighter. Miss Pinney finally prepares to leave the house, but Clarence receives a letter from his former employers offering him his old position. The plot spins a delicate web about these events and artistically weaves in the theme of love. While telling Miss Pinney about himself, Clarence offers to tell her about the Coleoptera, a bug beetle, on which he is an authority, admitting that the telling would take a lifetime. To his question whether she thinks the story ought to be interrupted sometimes to talk of something else, Miss Pinney replies that she thinks perhaps they ought to talk about something else once in a while.

Without exception, all the cast performed so admirably that it would be difficult to single out any one star. Mrs. Swain again demonstrated her ability to coach amateur theatricals, and has added another to her long list of successes.

THE CAST

MRS. MARTYN	DORIS PEABODY
MR. WHEELER	GIFFORD WESTON
MRS. WHEELER	ELIZABETH CARTER
BOBBY WHEELER	ARTHUR CAPLAN
CORA WHEELER	JULIA LICKER
VIOLET PINNEY	RUTH WALKER
CLARENCE	J. STEWART BIGELOW
DELLA	LULA STUART
DINWIDDIE	EDWARD FOX
HUBERT STEM	THOMAS BOLAND

MANAGEMENT.

Business Managers.

ROBERT FROTHINGHAM

ROBERT PINKHAM

Property Managers.

HAROLD CLARK

FRANCES NICHOLS

MURIEL DAVIS

Business, PHILIP TETREAU

Stage Manager, HAROLD O'BRIEN

Coach, MRS. PEARL C. SWAIN

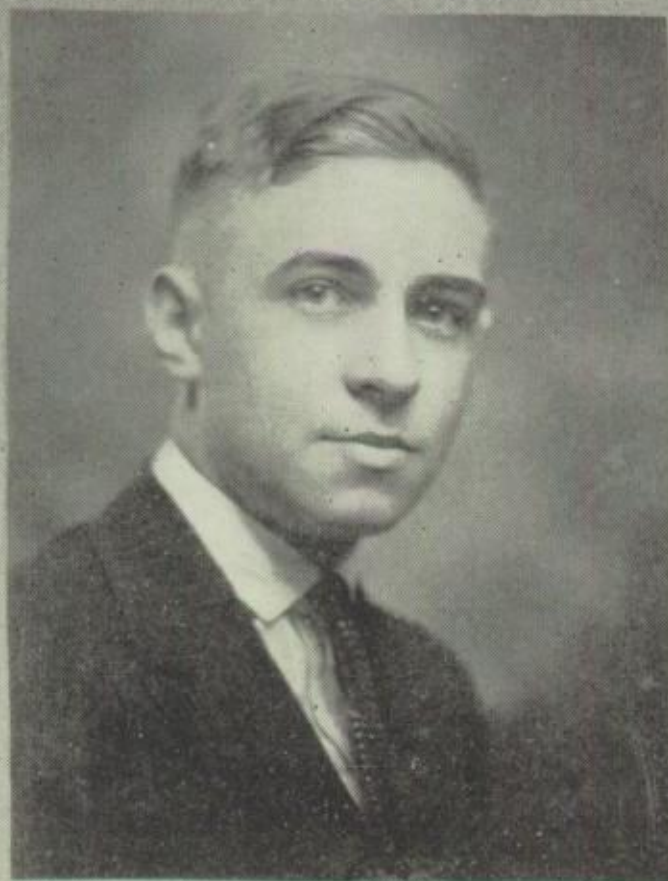
TO WILLIAM B. JACK



When now and then we stop to contemplate
Our Portland High, the school which serves us all,
And tries to make of every graduate
One who will eagerly obey life's call;
Or when upon the school's report we gaze
In football, basket-ball, and other sports,
Perchance we ask, as the team's work we praise,
Whose spirit all this varied life supports?
In gratitude our thoughts instinctive turn
Toward him whose interest in us has no end,
Who taught us what from books we could not learn,
Who was through many happy years our friend.
May fortune smile on him, and may his name
Be found emblazoned in the hall of fame.

Frances McGillicuddy, '22

Senior Class Honor Parts



Albert Abrahamson



Dorothy Clowes.









B. Cohen.



R. Cohen.



M. Connor.



B. Cole.



L. Cole



E. Cook.



E. Cook.



A. Corcoran.



R. Curran.



A. Curran.



E. Curran



P. Gutter.



E. Davis



E. Davis



R. Davis



L. Davis.







R. Gould.



C. Gribben.



V. Hall.



F. Hamilton



L. Harmon.



J. Harrivel.



C. Harrington



E. Harris.



M. Hay.



L. Hawyard



F. Hill.



G. Hinks.



R. Hobson.



W. Howarth.



C. Hubbard.



M. Huelin.

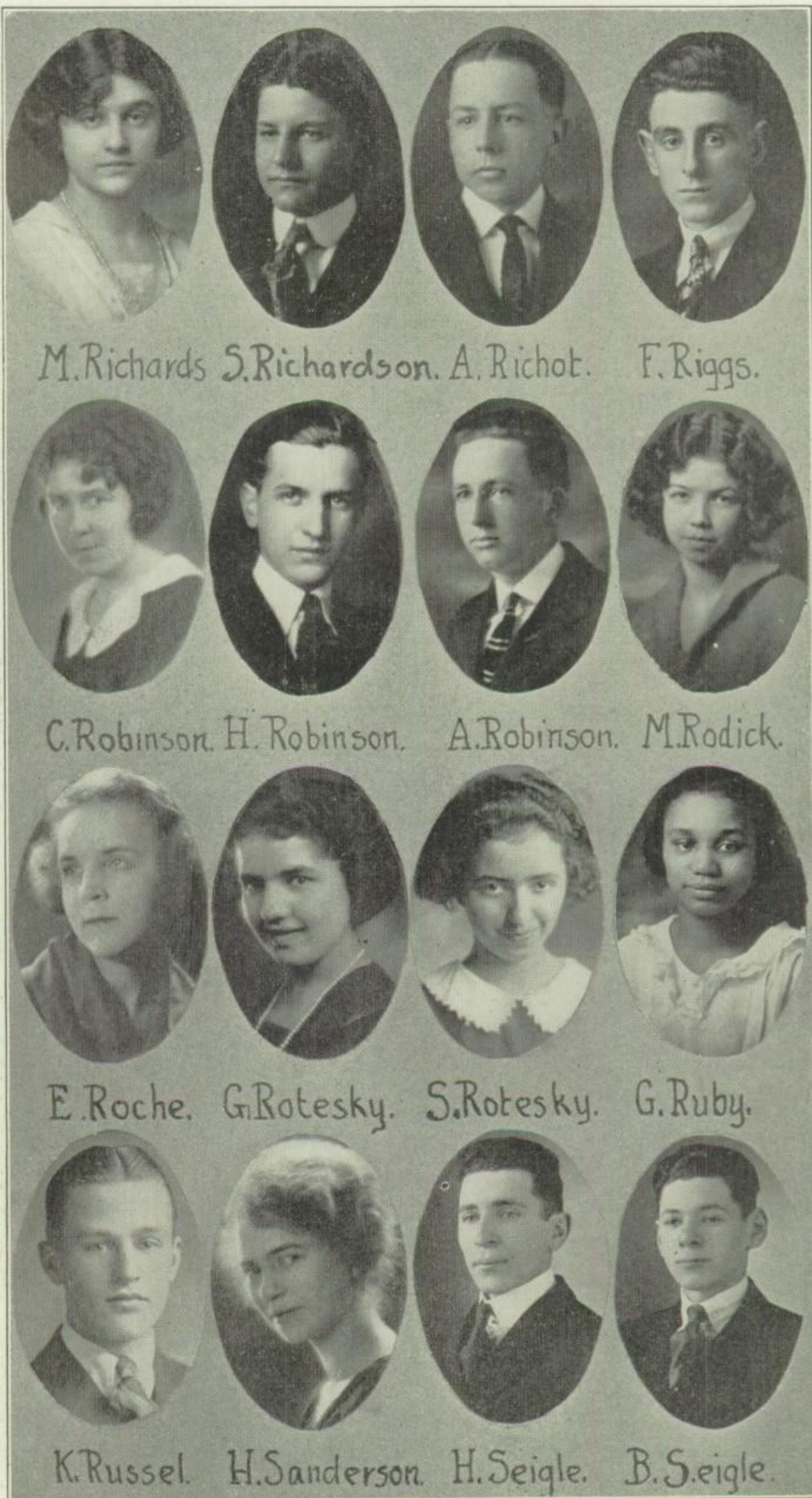
			
R. Johnson.	M. Jordan.	I. Karlin.	M. Kelley.
			
C. Kelley.	M. Kelley.	F. Kennedy.	G. Kennedy.
			
P. Kennan.	A. Korkege.	L. Kramer.	H. Lagdon.
			
E. Langlois.	B. Lavasseur.	R. Leavitt.	D. LeButt.













R. Scheckner.



S. Shriro.



B. Shur.



E. Silke.



V. Simms.



E. Smith.



B. Spiller



D. Stanton.



M. Sterling.



R. Stevens.



T. Stevens.



L. Stewart.



G. Sturdivant.



G. Supple.



H. Stubbs.



H. Swenson.



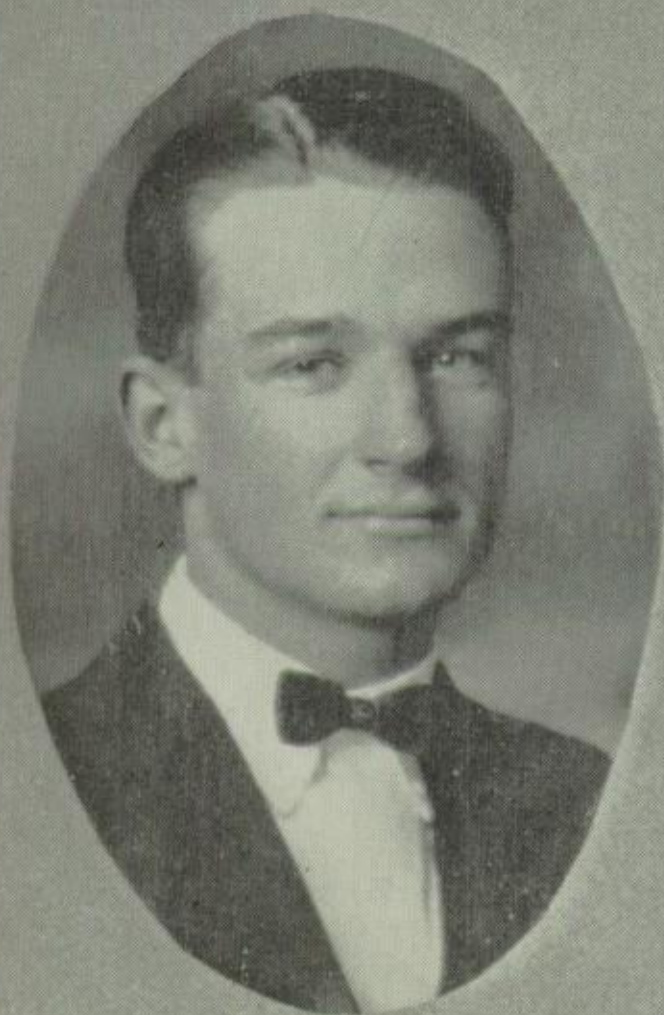




A. Newcomb



J. Wyman.



B. Wilson



C. York.

Biography of the Class of 1922

JULIA DOROTHY ABBOTT

Correct English Club, 4; Commercial Club, 4; Glee Club, 4.

ALBERT ABRAHAMSON

Salutatorian, 4; Correct English Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Classical Forum, 1, 2, 3, 4; REVIEW, 4; Gymnasium, 1, 2.

EDMUND JOHN ADAMS

Salesmanship Club Secretary, 3; Advertising Club Secretary, 4; Cadets, 4; Commercial Club, 4; Correct English Club, 4.

WILLIAM FRANCIS ADAMS

Cadets, 2; REVIEW, 4; Correct English Club, 4; French Club, 4; Dramatic Club, 4; Track, 4.

OSCAR AGGER

Public Speaking, 2; Basket-ball, 4.

PASQUALE ANANIA

Cadets, 3 and 4; Correct English Club, 3 and 4.

FRED OSCAR ANDERSON

Glee Club, 3 and 4; Cadets, 2 and 4.

THURE ALEXANDER ANDERSON

WILLIAM WALLACE ANDREWS

Spanish Club, 3 and 4; Classical Forum, 2.

WILLIAM ANTHONY BAKER

PHILIP KENWORTHY BARKER

Public Speaking, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Correct English Club, 4; Debating Society, 4; REVIEW, 4.

CLIFFORD WALTER BARRON

Classical Forum, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Correct English Club, 4.

FLORENCE MILDRED BASS

Correct English Club, 4; Glee Club, 4.

VERNON WELDON BEAN

Cadets, 3 and 4; Glee Club, 4; Spanish Club, 4.

JESSIE LAURETTA BEACH

BERTHA BERNSON

Glee Club, 1 and 4; Public Speaking, 1 and 2; Classical Forum, 1 and 2; Commercial Club, 4; Correct English Club, 4; Spanish Club, 4.

SARAH BERNSTEIN

Correct English Club, 2, 3, and 4; Mandolin Club, 2; Basket-ball, 4; Gymnasium, 1 and 2.

FRED MERRILL BERRY

Cadets, 1 and 2; Classical Forum, 2 and 3; Public Speaking, 2; Spanish Club, 4; Advertising Club, 4; Salesmanship Club, 4.

FRANCES SAWYER BERRY

Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; French Club, 4; Public Speaking, 4; REVIEW, 4.

JULIAN STEWART BIGELOW

Classical Forum, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Dramatic Club, 3 and 4; Public Speaking, 2 and 3; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Class Play, 4.

CHARLES SILVESTER BLACK

DOROTHY ELEANOR BLACK

Public Speaking, 1; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Glee Club, 3; Commercial Club, 4.

PAUL GLENCROSS BLODGETT

THOMAS PHILIP BOLAND

Art Club, 4; Class Play, 4.

ELSIE BOYNTON

EVERETT BUXTON BOYNTON

Classical Forum, 1, 2, 3, and 4; French Club, 3; Correct English Club, 4; Track, 4.

JULIUS BRAUNSTEIN

Gymnasium, 4.

MADELYN LILLIAN BRICKMAN

Correct English Club, 2, 3, and 4; Commercial Club, 4; Public Speaking, 2 and 3; Basketball, 2 and 3; Gymnasium, 1 and 2.

ADELE LILLIAN BRAMSON

Correct English Club, 2, 3, and 4; Spanish Club, 4; Classical Forum, 2 and 3; Glee Club, 4; Girls' Literary Society, 3 and 4; Public Speaking, 1, 2 and 3; Gymnasium, 1 and 2.

LOUISE BRANDON

EMMA LILLIAN BRENNAN

Correct English Club, 3; Salesmanship Club, 4; Commercial Club, 4; Gymnasium, 1.

CECELIA FRANCES BROWN

FRANCIS IGNATIUS BROWN

Correct English Club, 4; Football, 3 and 4; Public Speaking, 4; Track, 4; Classical Forum, 4.

DAVID BROWNSTONE

HOLLIE ARTHUR BUCKLIN

Baseball, 3; Advertising Club, 4.

DOROTHY BLANCHE BURGESS

Gymnasium, 1 and 2; Correct English Club, 3; Salesmanship Club, 4; Commercial Club, 4.

ROBERT STEPHEN BURKE

Cadets, 3 and 4; Correct English Club, 4; Commercial Club, 4.

MARY CADY

Correct English Club, 4.

ARTHUR HERMAN CAMERON

Track, 3 and 4.

ARTHUR CAPLAN

Editor *Racquet*, 4; Correct English Club, 2, 3, and 4; President, 4; Debating, 2 and 3; French Club, 4; Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4; Press Club, 4; Mandolin Club, 1, 2, and 3; Public Speaking, 1, 2, and 3.

ELIZABETH KING CARTER

Correct English Club, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Glee Club, 2 and 3; Spanish Club, 2; French Club, 2 and 3; Girls' Literary Society, 3 and 4; President, 4; Commercial Club, 4; Class Play, 4.

RICHARD MASON CARTER

Vocational Club, 4.

CHARLES RICHARD CASTNER

Correct English Club, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Glee Club, 4; Track, 3 and 4; Classical Forum, 1 and 2; French Club, 4; REVIEW, 4.

HANNAH BELLE CHAPMAN

Gymnasium, 1 and 2; Public Speaking, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; French Club, 2; Spanish Club, 3; Commercial Club, 4; Glee Club, 4; Basket-ball, 1, 2, and 3.

DORIS ROSE CHESTERTON

Correct English Club, 3; Commercial Club, 4; Glee Club, 4.

STELLA MAY CHRISTENSEN

Basket-ball, 2, 3, and 4; Commercial Club, 3 and 4; Correct English Club, 4.

ISABEL MARIE CHRISTIANSON

Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Dramatic Club, 4.

HAROLD GRIFFITHS CLARK

Correct English Club, 3; Classical Forum, 2; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Band, 2, 3, and 4; Orchestra, 3 and 4; Salesmanship Club, 3 and 4; President Advertising Club, 4; "Pinafore," 3; Class Play, 4.

EVELYN MERLE CLAY

Correct English Club, 4; Salesmanship Club, 4.

DOROTHY GERTRUDE CLOWES

Valedictorian, 4; Gymnasium, 2 and 4; Basket-ball, 2 and 3; Public Speaking, 2, 3, and 4; Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4; French Club, 4; Correct English Club, 4.

NATHAN ALLEN COBB

Cadets, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4, consul, 4; Public Speaking, 2, 3, and 4; Class President, 4; Correct English Club, 4; *Racquet*, 4.

VIRGINIA IRENE COBURN

Gymnasium, 1; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Commercial Club, 3 and 4; Glee Club, 3 and 4.

ROSE BERNICE COHEN

Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Glee Club, 4; Commercial Club, 4.

BENJAMIN COHEN

Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Spanish Club, 3 and 4; Track, 2, 3, and 4; French Club, 3.

BLANCHE MARION COLE

Classical Forum, 2; Spanish Club, 3 and 4; Correct English Club, 4; Glee Club, 4.

LESLIE MONTELLE COLE

MADELINE BARBARA CONNOR

Correct English Club, 4; Spanish Club, 4; Glee Club, 4; "Royal Vagabond," 4.

EDWARD LEWIS COOK

Public Speaking, 2; Executive Board, 4.

ARTHUR LEO CORCORAN

Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Glee Club, 4; Gymnasium, 4.

RUTH MABLE CURRAN

Correct English Club, 2 and 3; Commercial Club, 4; Glee Club, 4.

ANNA IRENE CURRAN

Commercial Club, 2, 3, and 4; Glee Club, 4; Correct English Club, 2 and 3.

EDWARD JOINER CURRAN

PHILIP RUSSELL CUTTER

Classical Forum, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Correct English Club, 4.

ALICE ELIZABETH DAVIS

Art Club, 2, 3, and 4; Correct English Club, 4; Public Speaking, 1, 2, and 4.

LAWRENCE GERRISH DAVIS

Correct English Club, 2; Classical Forum, 4.

ERNEST WEBSTER DAVIS

Correct English Club, 4; Art Club, 3 and 4; Glee Club, 4; Vocational Club, 4.

ROBERT VINCENT DAVIS

Spanish Club, 4; Correct English Club, 4.

MURIEL ARLENE DAVIS

Correct English Club, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Public Speaking Club, 1, 2, 3, and 4; French Club, 3; Glee Club, 3 and 4; Class Play, 4.

HELEN DECKER

Entered P. H. S. Sophomore year; Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Public Speaking, 2, 3, and 4; Glee Club, 2 and 4; Spanish Club, 4; "Royal Vagabond," 4.

FRED HANNA DERANEY

RAYMOND VINCENT DEVINE

Track, 4.

JAMES EDWARD DEVINE

Glee Club, 3 and 4; Salesmanship Club, 2 and 3; Band, 3 and 4; Advertising Club, 3 and 4; Spanish Club, 3 and 4.

DAVID AUGUSTINE DONAVON

JAMES EDWARD DOYLE

Correct English Club, 3.

WINONA EVELYN DREW

Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Art Club, 3 and 4; Commercial Club, 4; Glee Club, 4.

WILLIAM HENRY DRISCOLL

President Commercial Club, 4.

BERTHA DROBOFSKY

Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Commercial Club, 4; Public Speaking, 1 and 2; Glee Club, 4.

MARTHA DUNBAR

Correct English Club, 3 and 4; French Club, 4; Public Speaking, 3 and 4; REVIEW, 4.

WILLIAM ELA

Track, 4.

SAMUEL ERLICK

Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4; Correct English Club, 4; Public Speaking, 2 and 3.

JAMES PETER FAY

Football, 3 and 4; Executive Board, 4.

MADELINE ALICE FEURY

BURTON LEAMAN FICKETT

Correct English Club, 2 and 3; Cadets, 2, 3, and 4; French Club, 3; Classical Forum, 2 and 4.

LEWIS P. FICKETT

Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4, consul, 4; Cadets, 3 and 4, 1st Lieut., 4; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Public Speaking, 3 and 4; Dramatic Club, 4; French Club, 4; *Racquet*, 3; Assistant Editor REVIEW, 4.

EVERETT RUSSELL FICKETT

Hockey, 3 and 4; Orchestra, 1 and 2; Cadets, 1 and 2; Band, 2.

FLORENCE MANILLA FLOOD

Art Club, 2 and 4; Glee Club, 3 and 4; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Commercial Club, 4.

ADELAIDE FOLEY

Correct English Club, 3.

IRA CALVIN FOSS

Correct English Club, 2 and 3; Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4; French Club, 3; *Racquet*, 3 and 4.

ARNOLD FRANKLIN FOSSETT

Cadets, 2 and 3; Correct English Club, 3.

EDWARD EBEN FOX

Correct English Club, 2, 3, and 4; Cadets, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4; French Club, 4; Dramatic Club, 4.

ROBERT HENRY FROTHINGHAM

Correct English Club, 2, 3, and 4; Assistant Business Manager *Racquet*, 4; Tennis, 3 and 4, captain, 4.

MARION FRYATT

Correct English Club, 3 and 4; French Club, 4; Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4; Public Speaking, 4.

CLARENCE HALL GARDINER

MARCIA GEHRING

Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; *Racquet*, 3.

DAVID HARRIS GELLER

Classical Forum, 2; Spanish Club, 3; Glee Club, 2; Art Club, 3 and 4.

EDITH GERBER

Correct English Club, 2; Public Speaking, 3; Glee Club, 4.

MAURICE HARRY GERBER

Cadets, 1; Glee Club, 4; Spanish Club, 4; Mandolin Club, 1 and 2; Correct English Club, 4.

EVELYN GETCHELL

Correct English Club, 2; Commercial Club, 4.

PHILIP JOSEPH GILDART

VIOLA ELIZABETH GILLIATT

Spanish Club, 3; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Salesmanship Club, 4; Commercial Club, 4.

GASPAR GLEN

Classical Forum, 1, 2, and 3; French Club, 2.

LAWRENCE AUSTIN GODFREY

NATHAN GOFFING

RICHARD KENELM GOULD

Cadets, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Classical Forum, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Correct English Club, 4; French Club, 4.

JOHN WILSON GRONBECK

Correct English Club, 4; Vocational Club, 4.

VICTORIA HALL

Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Spanish Club, 4.

FLORENCE ANCELLA HAMILTON

Gymnasium, 1; Basket-ball, 2; Glee Club, 2 and 4; Commercial Club, 4; Correct English Club, 4.

JOHN GEORGE AUBURN HARRIVEL

LOIS FRANCES HARMON

CHARLOTTE HARRINGTON

Correct English Club, 3; Glee Club, 4.

ELERY SCOTT HARRIS

Correct English Club, 2; Gymnasium, 3; Track, 2, 3, and 4.

HELEN MARIE HAY

Classical Forum, 2; Correct English, 3 and 4; Art Club, 4; Spanish Club, 4; Basket-ball, 1, 2, and 3; Girls' Literary Society, 3; Public Speaking, 1; Gymnasium, 1; "Pinafore," 3; Glee Club, 3 and 4; Executive Board, 4.

LILLIAN HAYWARD

GENEVE HARRIETT HINCKS

Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4; *Racquet*, 4; Secretary Senior Class, 4.

ROY CLINTON HOBSON

Cadets, 2; Glee Club, 4; Orchestra, 4; French Club, 4.

WALLACE LEFAVOR HOWARTH

Hockey, 3 and 4; Track, 4; Gymnasium, 4.

CHLOE FRANCES HUBBARD

MILDRED HUELIN

Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Spanish Club, 3 and 4; "Pinafore," 3; Glee Club, 4.

SARA FRANCES ISRAELSON

Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Public Speaking, 2, 3, and 4; French Club, 4; Commercial Club, 4; Gymnasium, 1 and 2; Public Speaking, 4.

RUTH A. JOHNSON

Correct English Club, 2 and 3; Commercial Club, 3.

MARJORIE JORDAN

Correct English Club, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Girls' Literary Society, 4; Classical Forum, 2; Public Speaking, 1.

ISAAC LOUIS KARLIN

MARGARET D. KELLY

Correct English Club, 2, 3, and 4; Commercial Club, 4.

MARGARET E. KELLY

Public Speaking, 1; Correct English Club, 3; Commercial Club, 4.

KATHERINE KELLY

Commercial Club, 4; Correct English Club, 4; Public Speaking, 1 and 2; Basket-ball, 3 and 4.

PAUL WILLARD KENNAN

Glee Club, 4; "Royal Vagabond," 4.

FLORENCE ISABELL KENNEDY

GLENDON KENNEDY

ALBERT KNUDSEN

Classical Forum, 1, 2, and 4; Correct English Club, 3; Public Speaking, 3.

ALICE E. KORKEGE

Basket-ball, 1 and 2; Public Speaking, 1 and 4; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4; French Club, 4.

LENA KRAMER

Correct English Club, 3, 4; Glee Club, 2.

HARRY B. LAGDON

President Vocational Club, 4.

EVELYN M. LANGLOIS

Correct English Club, 4.

DOROTHY A. LeBUTT

Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; French Club, 4; Secretary
Dramatic Club, 4; *Racquet*, 3; Public Speaking, 4.

ROBERT FRANCIS LEE

Cadets, 1 and 2; Correct English Club, 4; Vocational Club.

MERTON LANE

EMMA E. LELAND

Basket-ball, 1, 2; Commercial Club, 4; Correct English Club, 4.

HARRY LESSARD

RICHARD P. LEAVITT

Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4.

BEATRICE E. LeVASSEUR

Correct English Club, 4; Commercial Club, 4; Salesmanship, 4.

SAMUEL J. LEVI

IRENE M. L'HOMME

Correct English Club; Commercial Club; Glee Club, 3 and 4.

CORA M. LIBBY

Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Glee Club, 4.

OLIVE M. LIBBY

JULIA M. LICKER

Public Speaking, 2, 3, and 4; Basket-ball, 2, 3, and 4; Class Play; Correct English Club,
3 and 4; Commercial Club, 4; Girls' Literary Society, 3 and 4; Mandolin Club, 2; Glee
Club, 4; Spanish Club, 4.

KENNETH L. LILLY

BEATRICE MAE LITTLEFIELD

Correct English Club, 2, 3, and 4; Commercial Club, 4; Girls' Literary Society, 4.

HUGH C. LLOYD

Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Glee Club, 4.

DOROTHY M. I. LOMBARD

Correct English Club, 2; Spanish Club, 4; Glee Club, 4.

LEONARD FOSTER MANNING

WILLIAM C. MANNING

THEODORE ADRIAN MARKSON

Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4; Cadets, 1, 2, and 3; Band, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Debating, 1, 2, and 3; Public Speaking, 1, 2, and 3; Orchestra, 4; French Club, 4; *Racquet*, 4.

BERNICE MAYBELLE MARR

Public Speaking, 2 and 3; Glee Club, 3; Correct English Club, 4; Commercial Club, 4; Girls' Literary Society, 4.

PHILIP SEARLES MARSH

Correct English Club, 4; Salesmanship Club, 4; Art Club, 4.

JOHN TAYLOR MARSHALL

VIOLET McALLISTER

CATHERINE ISABEL McCARTHY

Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Commercial Club, 4.

EDITH CALDWELL McCARTHY

PHILIP HENRY McCARTHY

RALPH EDMUND McDONALD

Glee Club, 4.

FRANCIS HENRY McFARLAND

Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Classical Forum, 2; French Club, 3; Baseball, 3 and 4; football, 3 and 4, captain, 4.

ALBERT JOSEPH McGEE

Correct English Club, 1; Vocational Club, 4; Track, 4.

FRANCES INEZ McGILLICUDDY

Gymnasium, 1 and 2; Public Speaking, 1 and 4; Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4; basket-ball, 2, 3, and 4; French Club, 4.

MURIEL MARY McLAUGHLIN

Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Salesmanship Club, 4.

MARION GERTRUDE McLAUGHLIN

Gymnasium, 1 and 2; Correct English Club, 4; Glee Club, 4.

JOHN McTIGUE

Hockey, 3 and 4.

ALLAN BAYARD MELVIN

Classical Forum, 2; Cadets, 2; Spanish Club, 4; Advertising Club, 4.

RUTH MAE MERRILL

Gymnasium, 1; Public Speaking, 1; Correct English Club, 4; Glee Club, 4.

GRETCHEN MESSER

French Club, 2; Correct English Club, 2 and 4; Commercial Club, 4; Girls' Literary Society, 4.

AMES RANDALL MILLETT

Cadets, 1, 2, and 3; Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4; Correct English Club, 2 and 3; French Club, 2.

RALPH PHILIP MOONEY

Public Speaking, 2; Debating, 3; Track Manager, 4.

PAUL MORONG

Football, 3 and 4; Basket-ball, 3.

LILLIAN CHANDLER MORONG

Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; French Club, 4; Girls' Literary Society, 4; Spanish Club, 4.

HORTENSE ELIZABETH MORSE

Orchestra, 3 and 4.

LLOYD ERNEST MORSE

Orchestra, 2, 3, and 4; Band, 2, 3, and 4; Vocational Club, 4.

CATHERINE VICTORIA MURRAY

Public Speaking, 1, 2, and 3; Basket-ball, 1; Commercial Club, 4; Salesmanship Club, 4.

MARY ALICE MURRAY

Correct English Club, 2 and 4; Commercial Club, 4; Glee Club, 4.

KATHERINE WINIFRED MYERS

KENNETH CHARLES NAYLOR

Cadets, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Orchestra, 2, 3, and 4; Vocational Club, 4.

ARTHUR HORACE NEWCOMB

Glee Club, 1; Public Speaking, 4; Art Club, 4; Advertising Club, 4.

FRANCES LOUISE NICHOLS

Entered P. H. S. Junior Year; Classical Forum, 3 and 4; Art Club, 3 and 4; French Club, 4; Correct English Club, 4; Dramatic Club, 4; Class Play, 4.

ELIZABETH NICHOLSON

Correct English Club, 4; Glee Club, 4; Commercial Club, 4.

ELIZABETH ALPHONSA O'BRIEN

Basket-ball, 2, 3, and 4; Gymnasium, 1 and 2; Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4; Public Speaking, 1, 3, and 4; French Club, 4.

HAROLD O'BRIEN

Cadets, 2, 3, and 4; "Royal Vagabond," 4.

GEORGE O'BRIEN

Football, 4.

MARTIN WALDRON O'BRIEN

Gymnasium, 1 and 2; Public Speaking, 2; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Racquet, 4; Salesmanship Club, 4.

MABEL ELLENORA OLSON

Correct English Club, 4; Gymnasium, 1; Public Speaking, 1.

AUSTIN GREEN PAINE (Joe Rancour)

Glee Club, 1 and 2.

RICHARD BEAUMONT PAQUETTE

JOSEPHINE LOUISE PARLOW

Correct English Club, 4; Spanish Club, 4; Glee Club, 4.

GEORGE WILLIAM PAYNE

Spanish Club, 3; French Club, 4; Salesmanship Club, 4; Football, 4.

LAURA BELLE PAYNE

Public Speaking, 1; Gymnasium, 1; Correct English Club, 4; Commercial Club, 4; Girls' Literary Society, 4.

DORIS LILLIAN PEABODY

Girls' Literary Society, 3 and 4; Dramatic Club, 4; Public Speaking Club, 4; Spanish Club, 3 and 4; President, 4; Correct English Club, 4; *Racquet*, 4.

DONALD MAXWELL PEARSON

Gymnasium, 1; Public Speaking, 1; Correct English Club, 3 and 4.

FOREST AUGUSTA PEPPER

Cadets, 2, 3 and 4, Captain, 4; Vocational Club, 4; Correct English Club, 4.

ALICE PERLE PETERSON

Correct English Club, 4.

BERNARD HAYES POOLE

Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Glee Club, 3 and 4; Vocational Club, 4; Salesmanship Club, 4.

HERMAN WESLEY ANNAS POTTER

Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4; French Club, 4; Public Speaking, 3 and 4.

ROBERT POWERS

GLADYS MYRTLE PRIDE

RALPH PURRINGTON

MARY DORIS PUTNAM

Racquet Board, 3 and 4; Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4; French Club, 4; Chairman of Art Committee Correct English Club, 4; Art Club, 3 and 4; Dramatic Club, 4; Gymnasium, 1; Basket-ball, 1, 2, and 3; Year Book, 3.

CHARLES TAYLOR RAND

Cadets, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Commercial Club, 4; Vocational Club, 4; Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4; Correct English Club, 4.

FLORA DORCAS RANDALL

Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Commercial Club, 4.

HAROLD RAYMOND

ROBERT REDIN

GEORGE PUTNAM REED

Executive Board, 4; Classical Forum, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; French Club, 4; Public Speaking, 1.

EILENE SWIFT REGAN

Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Spanish Club, 3; Commercial Club, 4.

MABEL BLANCHARD RICHARDS

Glee Club, 1.

WINFIELD SCOTT RICHARDSON

Cadets, 1 and 3; Spanish Club, 1 and 4; Vocational Club, 3 and 4.

FRANK HENRY RIGGS

HARLEY RILEY

ALBERT ARTHUR RITCHOT

Cadets, 3 and 4; Track, 4.

MABEL CHRISTINE ROBINSON

Correct English Club, 2, 3, and 4; Basket-ball, 1 and 2; Commercial Club, 4.

ARTHUR TWEEDIE ROBINSON

ELIZABETH ANN ROCHE

Commercial Club, 4; Glee Club, 4; Athletic Club, 4.

MARION GERTRUDE RODICK

Racquet, 4; Art Club, 4; Classical Forum, 4.

GLADYS RUBY

KENNETH RUSSELL

Classical Forum, 3 and 4.

HELEN LOUISE SANDERSON

Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4; Correct English Club, 3 and 4, Secretary, 3; *Racquet*, 2 and 3.

BEATRICE SHECHNER

Glee Club, 2, 3, and 4; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Gymnasium, 1; Basket-ball, 1 and 2.

SIDNEY LOUIS SHRIRO

Entered 4th year; Orchestra, 4; Classical Forum, 4; Correct English Club, 4; French Club, 4.

BARNETT ISRAEL SHURR

Classical Forum, 1, 2, and 3; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Orchestra, 1 and 2; Basket-ball, 4.

BENJAMIN SIEGEL

Cadets, 1 and 2; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Dramatic Club, 4.

HARRY LOUIS SIEGEL

Cadets, 4; Correct English Club, 4; French Club, 4.

JOHN EMERSON SILKE

Cadets, 2, 3, and 4, Captain, 4.

SAMUEL SILVERMAN

VIVIAN ENDORA SIMMS

Art Club, 3 and 4; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Spanish Club, 3 and 4; Public Speaking, 2.

GEORGE STANLEY SITEMAN

CARLETON POTTER SMALL

Cadets, 1; Correct English Club, 2 and 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, and 3; Classical Forum, 2 and 3; Public Speaking, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Dramatic Club, 4.

EVELYN AUGUSTA SMITH

Art Club, 2, 3, and 4; Glee Club, 4; Correct English Club, 2, 3, and 4; Student Club, 4; Commercial Club, 4.

BEATRICE MARGARET SPILLER

Classical Forum, 2, 3 and 4; French Club, 3 and 4; Public Speaking, 2 and 4; Correct English Club, 3 and 4.

GEORGE DONALD STANTON

Public Speaking, 1 and 2; Glee Club, 1, 2, and 3; Correct English Club, 2 and 3; Art Club, 2, 3, and 4, Treasurer, 2.

MARION LOUISE STERLING

Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Spanish Club, 3 and 4; Commercial Club, 4; Girls' Literary Society, 4.

RUTH MAE STEVENS

Gymnasium, 2; Correct English Club, 4; Salesmanship Club, 4.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT STEVENS

Cadets, 1; Salesmanship Club, 4; Correct English Club, 4; Glee Club, 4.

LULA EDWENA STUART

Class Play, 4; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Gymnasium, 1; Public Speaking, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Basket-ball, 3; Commercial Club, 4; Glee Club, 4; Girls' Literary Society, 4.

WALLACE VERRILL STUART

Cadets, 3 and 4; Vocational Club, 4; Correct English Club, 4.

JOSEPH HAROLD STUBBS

Classical Forum, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Public Speaking, 2 and 4; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Racquet, 4.

GREELY STURDIVANT

Public Speaking, 1; Racquet, 2, 3, and 4; Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4.

DOROTHEA GERALDINE SUPPLE

Public Speaking, 1 and 3; Classical Forum, 2; Correct English Club, 3; Commercial Club, 4; Glee Club, 4.

HAROLD ELMER SWENSON

Cadets, captain, 4.

MARGUERITE MAY TAYLOR

HAROLD FRANCIS TEMPLE

Cadets, 1 and 2; Baseball, 3; Football, 3 and 4; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Art Club, 4; French Club, 4; Track, 4.

PHILIP ELGEAR TETREAU

Cadets, 2 and 3; Correct English Club, 2, 3, and 4; Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4; French Club, 2 and 3; Public Speaking, 4; Class Play, 4.

ELLEN LOUISE TEWKSBURY

Classical Forum, 2; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Art Club, 4; Basket-ball, 4; French Club, 4; Spanish Club, 4.

ROBERT MANSFIELD THOMAS

SARAH LORRAINE TITLEBAUM

Classical Forum, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Correct English Club, 2 and 3; Girls' Literary Society, 3.

WALTER CARY TOBIE

Classical Forum, 2; Cadets, 2, 3, and 4; Public Speaking, 4.

HILMAN BLANCHARD TRACY

WILLIAM HENRY TRUE

Classical Forum, 2 and 3; Cadets, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Gymnasium, 1, 3, and 4; Hockey, 3 and 4; Correct English Club, 4; Public Speaking, 2 and 3.

RICHARD PACKINSON TWOMEY

Cadets, 4; Salesmanship Club, 4; Correct English Club, 4.

LEADA MARY VASSAR

Correct English Club, 4; Commercial Club, 4; Glee Club, 3 and 4.

MARY ELIZABETH VAUGHN

Correct English Club, 3 and 4.

HARRY DONALD VENNER

Cadets, 1, 2, 3, and 4, Instructor, 5; Correct English Club, 1, 2; Salesmanship Club, 4; Advertising Club, 4; Spanish Club, 4.

RUTH KINGSLEY WALKER

Public Speaking, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Classical Forum, 1, 2, 3, and 4; French Club, 3; Gymnasium, 1 and 2; Public Speaking Club, 4; Correct English Club, 2 and 4; Vice-President Dramatic Club, 4; Executive Board, 3; Senior Class Play, 4.

MAYBELLE CARPENTER WALLACE

Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Glee Club, 4; Art Club, 2, 3, and 4; French Club, 2; Spanish Club, 2; Commercial Club, 4.

EVELYN FRANCES WARD

Spanish Club, 2, 3, and 4.

EUGENE DAVIS WARREN

Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Glee Club, 4.

LILLIAN HILDA WEBBER

Classical Forum, 3 and 4; Public Speaking Club, 2 and 3; Correct English Club, 4; Glee Club, 4; Orchestra, 4.

MILTON LEITH WEBBER

Vocational Club, 4; Gymnasium, 4.

DOROTHY WEBBER

ELEANOR CUSHING WEBSTER

Classical Forum, 2, 3, and 4; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; French Club, 4; *Racquet* Reporter, 4; Vice-President, 4.

ALICE WEINBERG

Gymnasium, 1 and 2; Correct English Club, 3 and 4.

LOUIS WEISBERG

Cadets, 1; Vocational Club, 4; Correct English Club, 4.

JOSEPH WEINSTEIN

Mandolin Club, 1; Classical Forum, 1, 2, and 3; Correct English Club, 3 and 4; Public Speaking, 1, 3, and 4.

ROSA HELEN WEISS

Glee Club, 1, 2, and 3; Commercial Club, 4; French Club, 4; Classical Forum, 2 and 3; Correct English Club, 2, 3, and 4; Basket-ball, 3 and 4.

JOSEPHINE ADELAIDE WELCH

Correct English Club, 4; Glee Club, 4; Gymnasium, 1, 2.

GIFFORD LOVELACE WESTON

Entered P. H. S. Jan., 1921; Correct English Club, 3, 4; French Club, 4; Public Speaking, 4; Assistant Editor *Racquet*, 4; Class Play, 4.

BEATRICE INIS WHIPPLE

Public Speaking, 4.

MELBRY FRANCIS WHITTEN

Cadets, 3, 4; Glee Club, 4.

MILDRED WILEY

Correct English Club, 4; Commercial Club, 4; Classical Forum, 2; Glee Club, 4.

BENJAMIN IRVINE WILKINSON

Classical Forum, 2; Correct English Club, 3 and 4.

WILLIAM BURTON WILSON

Entered P. H. S. March, 1921; Classical Forum, 4; Executive Board, 4; Press Club, 4; Editor *REVIEW*, 4.

JOHN FRANCIS WYMAN

Cadets, 4; Correct English Club, 3, 4; Public Speaking, 4.

CYRIL HAMILTON YORK

Vice-President Art Club, 3, 4; Correct English Club, 3, 4; Classical Forum, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club, 4; Gymnasium, 2, 4; *Racquet*, 4; French Club, 4; Track, 3; *REVIEW*, 4.

WEARERS OF THE BLUE

Portland's sons are brave, her daughters, fair;
 They're famed in song and story everywhere;
 In stress of life's endeavor
 You will find them leaders ever,
 And crowned with a distinction that is rare.
 Honors will not let them put away
 The impulse that compels them to obey,
 The joy that is supreme,
 Of cheering for the team
 And colors we are waving here to-day.

Now the team is ready on the field,
 Their strength in ev'ry feature is revealed;
 When called upon to do,
 They'll be winning for the Blue,
 By onset that will make the foeman yield.
 Give a rousing cheer to echo free,
 And rend the very air resoundingly;
 To meet in friendly strife
 Is the greatest joy in life,
 Now, cheer the boys along to victory.

CHORUS.

Wearers of the Blue,
 We are proud of you,
 And expect every man to do his part.
 To win is the prize that before you lies,
 So be brave and strong of heart.
 Harken to the call!
 Keep your eyes on the ball!
 Let "Onward" be your battle cry!
 And fight with a might that will give us to-
 night
 A victory for Portland High.

SHINE ON, PORTLAND HIGH

In the East the waters play
 On the shores of Casco Bay,
 Where giant ships of commerce come and
 go.
 In the West the mountains proud,
 Reaching upward pierce the cloud,
 Their summits always capped in Winter's
 snow.
 Built upon a point of land
 Richly blessed by nature's hand,
 Fair in beauty, with her wooded islands
 nigh,
 Is our Portland in her hour
 Leading on to fame and pow'r,
 And our own dear school, the Portland
 High.

In this city by the sea,
 With its wealth of history,
 Is Portland High to us a beacon light.
 She is guiding steps of youth
 In the paths of Right and Truth,
 And teaching them to love the Blue and
 White.
 Bells of victory have pealed
 For the teams she's sent afield;
 They were men whose valor fame cannot
 deny,
 And the scores of loyal hearts,
 With the spirit she imparts,
 Sing the praises of the Portland High.

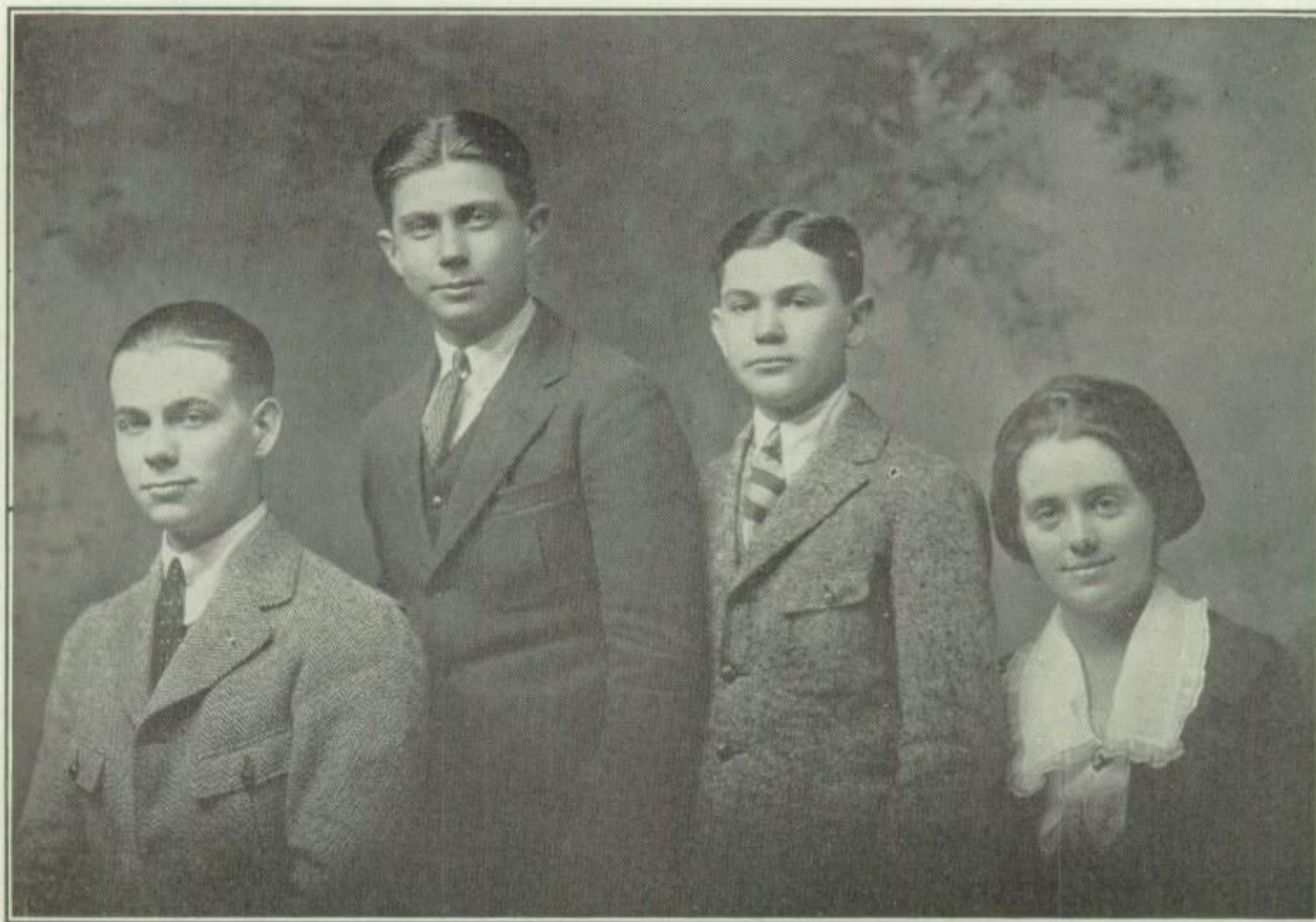
CHORUS.

Shine ever on, dear Portland High!
 Shine like the stars of night!
 Shine thro' the years of our hopes and fears,
 Growing the while more bright.
 Then when we're old and hoary,
 Yes, when we've passed away,
 Shine, Portland High, in thy glory,
 For the Youth of a future day.



Activities

Cyril Yorty



Left to right: L. Fickett, A. Caplan, T. Markson, M. Fryatt.

CORRECT ENGLISH CLUB

OFFICERS

President, ARTHUR CAPLAN

Vice-President, LEWIS FICKETT

Secretary, MARION FRYATT

Treasurer, THEODORE MARKSON

Dramatic Club

MISS DAVIS, Faculty Adviser

LEO LYONS, Chairman

Research Department

MISS DOLLEY, Faculty Adviser

CARROLL FAIRWEATHER, Chairman

Public Speaking Department

MRS. SWAIN, Faculty Adviser

ARTHUR RESNICK, Chairman

Americanization Department

MISS ABRAHAMSON, Faculty Adviser

DOROTHY BLACK, Secretary

Everyday Speech Department

MISS L. STETSON, Faculty Adviser

FRANCES BERRY, Chairman

Social Committee

MISS BIGELOW, Faculty Adviser

Art Committee

MARY PUTNAM, Chairman

Music Committee

ELMER MANGUM, Chairman



Frances Berry



Dorothy Black



Leo Lyon



Carrol Fairweather



Arthur Resnick

CORRECT ENGLISH CLUB

The Correct English Club, which is open to every member of the school, was organized three years ago by a group of P. H. S. students who were interested in improving their speech. This organization has grown extensively and is now one of the most prominent clubs of the school.

This year the club was reorganized. The Dramatic Club, which had won a place among the important school activities, became a part of the C. E. C.; the Girls' Literary Society, out of deference to the wishes of the Alumni, retained its own organization, but co-operated with the C. E. C. by providing a program for the May meeting of the club; a Public Speaking Group was organized by Mrs. Swain; an Americanization group, under the leadership of Miss Abrahamson, was introduced; and the former committees of the C. E. C. were combined in two departments, the Research group, in charge of Miss Dolley, and the Everyday Speech group, in charge of Miss Lilla Stetson. The social activities of the club were provided for by a social committee in charge of Miss Bigelow. Each department carried on its part of the work in its own way, electing its own officers and selecting its own time and place of meeting.

The programs given this year have not only been interesting and instructive, but have also shown the splendid development of the club. The first program was in the hands of the Americanization department. The subject of the program was the need for the foreigner to speak and read the English language, and for the American to understand and help the foreigner. The outstanding feature was the motion picture, "Tony in America." The Dramatic Club was in charge of the next meeting. A clever comedy entitled, "Either or Eyether," was artistically presented. At the following meeting, the Public Speaking department presented the humorous sketch, "The Pot Boiler." At this meeting, also, several readings were delightfully given by Miss Louise Baker, a graduate of P. H. S. The monthly meeting in March was given by the Everyday Speech department, assisted by the Research department. This program consisted of tableaux and speeches by members of these groups, and messages from Miss Marion Ulmer and Mr. Charles G. H. Evans, who were prominent in the work of the C. E. C. last year. The final program was arranged by the Girls' Literary Society and given on May 12. At this time, Mrs. Morrill Hamlin addressed the club. On June 3, the social committee gave the members of the club a delightful evening in the gymnasium.

Important and interesting as these formal meetings have been, most of the real work has been done in the group meetings, where each member could take some part. We hear interesting rumors of work actually done or planned by the Dramatic club, the Public Speaking club, and the Girls' Literary Society; we have in our scrap book visible proof of the good work of the Research Department, and in the P. H. S. handbook an example of the type of work undertaken by the Everyday Speech group.

As we review the year's work of this organization, we cannot overlook the active co-operation of the students and the untiring work of the more active members. We appreciate, too, the splendid loyalty and interest of graduates who were formerly active members. This co-operation and this work have made the club what it is and have prepared the way for what it may become.



GIRLS' LITERARY SOCIETY

OFFICERS

President, ELIZABETH CARTER

Vice-President, IDA GOLDING

Secretary and Treasurer, JULIA LICKER

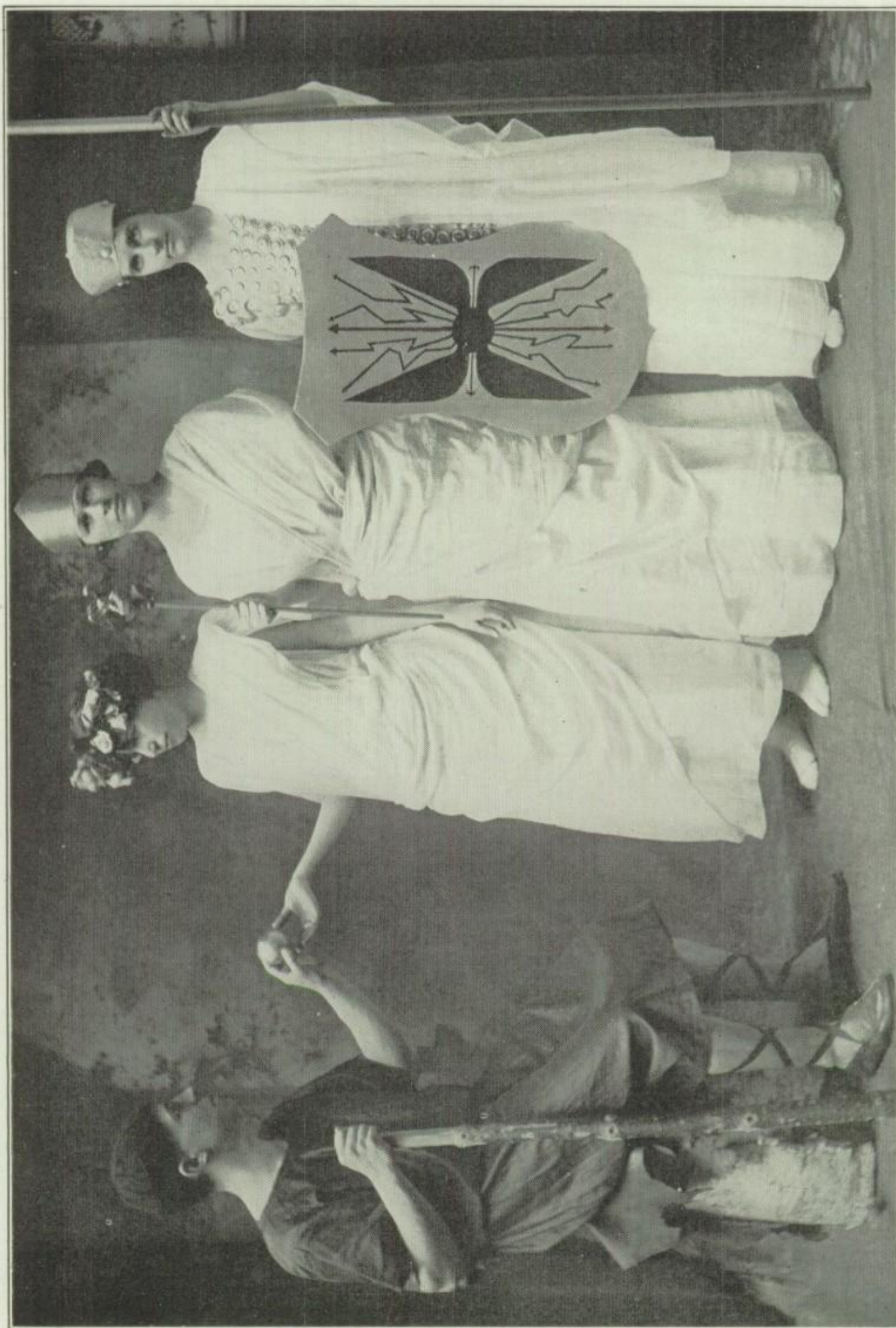
Senior Representative, BERNICE MARR

The Girls' Literary Society in its very earliest days consisted of a group of pupils whose duty it was to furnish the school about three times a year with what then was called general exercises, consisting of recitations, songs, readings, and to a certain extent, resembling our assemblies, though, of course, inferior in every way.

The aim of the society has been to provide literary exercises for its members. The many ways in which this has been accomplished are worthy of notice. Many speakers have honored the organization, for instance, Miss Mary McCobb has given several courses of readings, Mrs. Clifford Snowden presented Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," Mrs. John Thompson has addressed the society several times, and Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs proved to be the most noted speaker.

One of the most pretentious performances of the club was the presentation of "Cranford" in 1914. In the same year the club had a spirited debate on Woman Suffrage. A most enjoyable occasion was the faculty tea given in the old building just before it burned, in 1911.

This year the society was very late in starting, but it has aroused the interest of many of the Junior and Senior girls and it is hoped that it will always be one of the major societies of Portland High School.



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS. Presented by the Classical Forum.

Classical Forum



THE CLUB MOTTO

"Possunt quia posse videntur"—Virgil

CLASSICAL FORUM CREED

I believe in Latin, because it develops the memory, the reason, the judgment, the imagination;

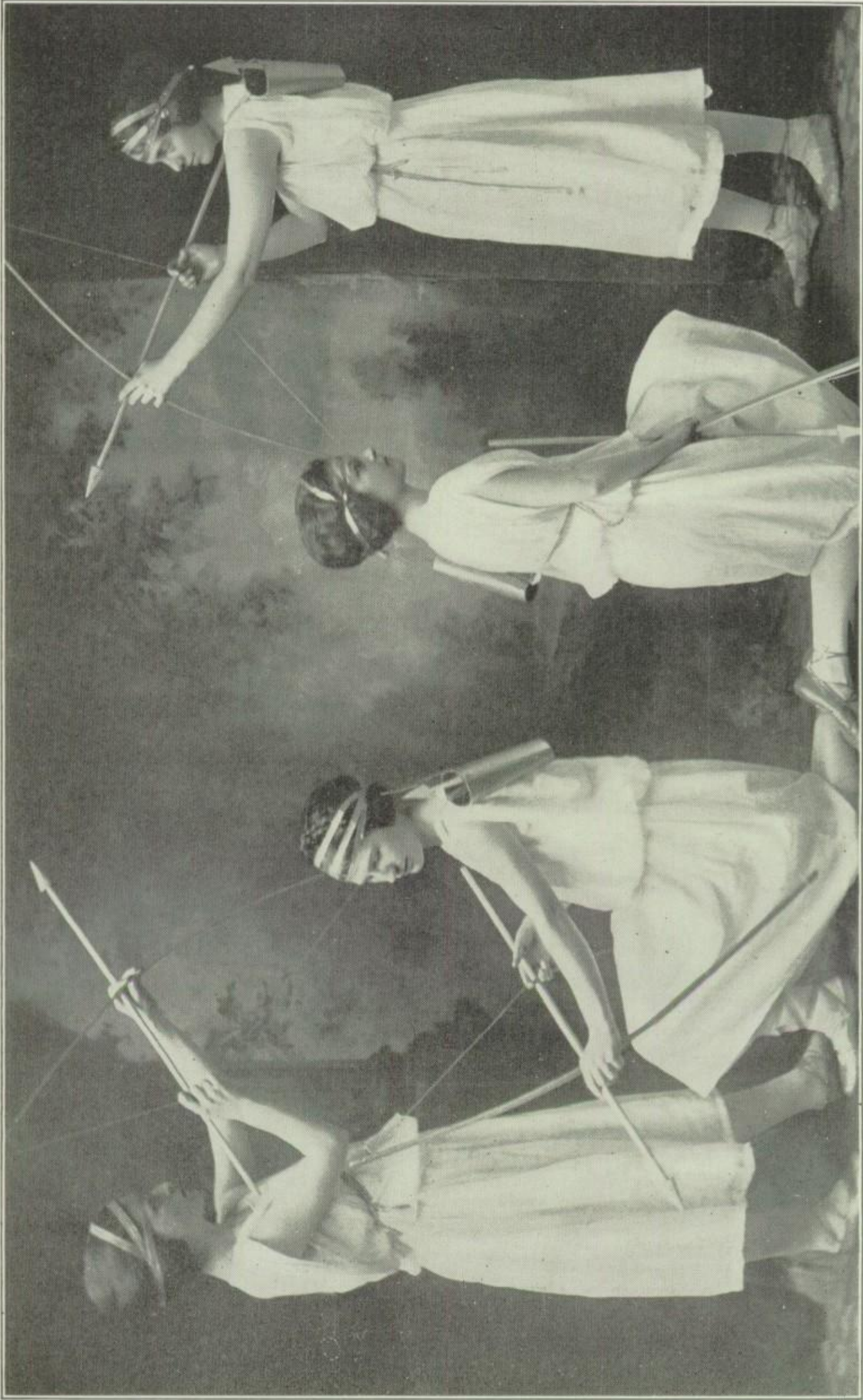
I believe in Latin, because it develops observation, accuracy and concentration of mind and thus lays the foundation for success in business or professional life;

I believe in Latin, because, through translation, it trains one to express himself in English with clearness and force—an indispensable requisite for civic influence;

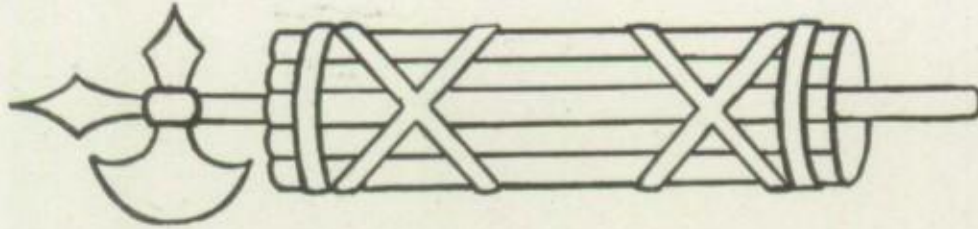
I believe in Latin, because it familiarizes one with the history and the thought of the greatest nation of antiquity, the nation that furnished us with the basis of our own laws and government, language, and literature;

I believe in Latin, because there is no other school study in which one can find so strong a combination as this of thorough mental discipline, acquaintance with the language and the civilization at the basis of our own, and the ability to express one's views convincingly.





DIANA'S HUNTING PARTY. Presented by the Classical Forum.



CLASSICAL FORUM

OFFICERS

Consules

NATHAN COBB
LEWIS FICKETT

Lictores

GEORGE REED
BURTON WILSON
RICHARD LEAVITT
KENNETH RUSSELL

Quaestores

BERNICE DOWNS
VERA FALES

Tidicina

MARCIA GEHRING

Praetores

IRA FOSS
EDWARD FOX
ALPHIN GOULD
GREELY STURDIVANT

Aediles

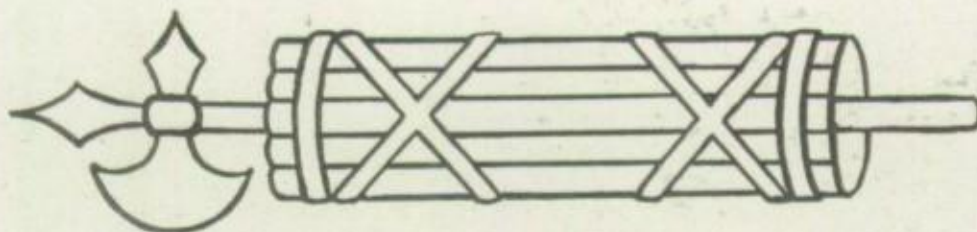
RUTH WALKER
JULIA WOODS

In Quibus Musica Committur

MARCIA GEHRING
RUTH FLANDERS
ARTHUR CAPLAN
FRANKLIN COBB

Nuntius

IRA FOSS





Back row, left to right: Ernest Davis, Thomas Boland. Front row: Delight Trufant, Beatrice Lang, Cyril York.



ART CLUB

OFFICERS

President, BEATRICE C. LANG

Vice-President, CYRIL H. YORK

Secretary, THOMAS BOLAND

Treasurer, ERNEST DAVIS

Social Committee

DELIGHT TRUFANT, *Chairman*

MARTHA DAVIS

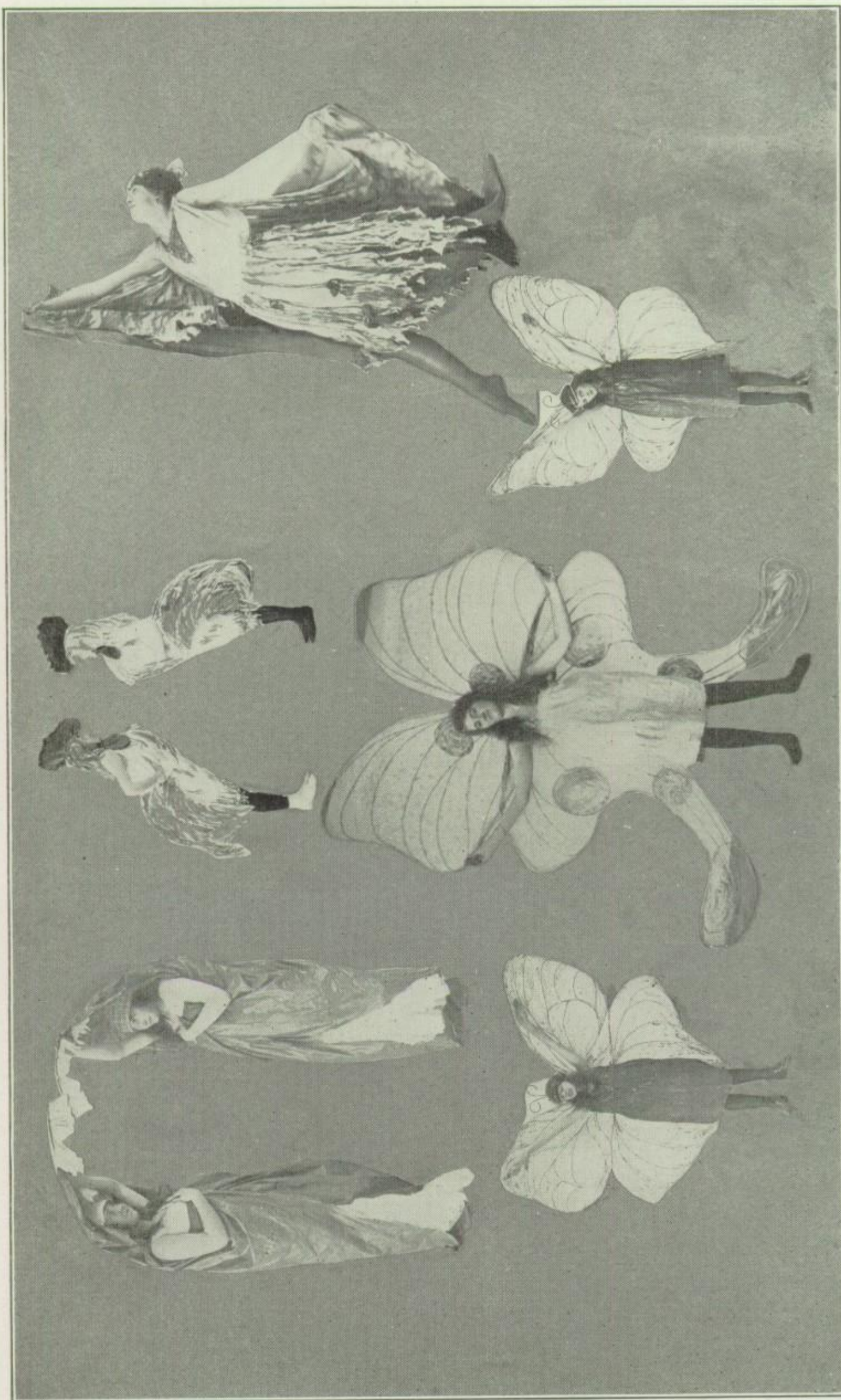
DOROTHY TURNER

ELSIE JACOBSON

MARY PUTNAM

FRANCES RODICK

FRIEDA SCHONLAND



SCENES FROM THE ART CLUB FASHION SHOW



ART CLUB

Many people think that art is something that pertains merely to drawing and painting, and can be used only by those who have talent in that line. They do not realize that it can be used by everybody. It is so broad a subject that when anyone truly knows even a small part of it, he cannot think of it as something which can be learned in a short time. In fact, the farther he goes into it, the more he realizes that there is no end to its possibilities.

After the Art Department in P. H. S. builds a firm foundation on these few facts in the minds of the students, it begins to branch out in teaching different phases of the subject. First of all, drawings from life are done in charcoal. Then there is still life, which is done in every medium: pencil, charcoal, crayon, or paint, and designing, which includes everything from costume designing to interior decoration. The Americanization and Winter Sports poster contests offered many chances for those who had learned commercial illustration, and the art students of Portland High showed themselves in their true light by winning first prize in each of these contests. Decorative landscape is taught, and that, combined with still life, is the foundation for oil painting. Then the pupils have instruction in the allied crafts: block print and clay modeling. This year basketry has been introduced and has proved very fascinating. Next year, book-binding will also be taken up.

The club has never shown greater enthusiasm than this year. Great things have been accomplished, and even greater things are planned. The members have selected a pin, which is unique and cleverly designed. Every year, dainty Christmas cards have been designed and painted for the school, and this year, the same design was printed in a thousand copies of the Alumni number of the *Racquet*. On Alumni Night, beautiful wreaths, furnished by the Art Department, adorned the walls of the assembly hall, lending it a true Christmas spirit it has never had before. These wreaths were afterwards sent to hospitals. The Art Club dance was a very pleasing affair. Between dances, a novel entertainment was given and refreshments served. The fashion show which was given this year was a very unusual affair and was absolutely original in every way. The co-operation of the students was splendid and their efforts were certainly rewarded.

The highest aim of the Art Club is to help others, especially to send through an advanced school some student who could not otherwise continue his work. With this high aim before it, the Art Club cannot fail to be a great success.





THE RACQUET

The Racquet Board has just completed a most successful year—both financially and otherwise. The Board has edited seven issues—each and every one reflecting the ideals and principles of Portland High School.

Much of the credit for the fine issues of the Racquet which have been published should go to the editor-in-chief, Arthur Caplan, and his two assistants, Gifford Weston and Helen Howarth. They have worked hard and faithfully to fulfill the trust placed in them by last year's editors.

As Business Manager, Winfred Nickerson showed his ability to act in an executive position.

Appreciation should also be shown for the work of Mrs. Swain, Miss Stetson, Miss Hutchins, Mr. Farrar, and Mr. Thompson.

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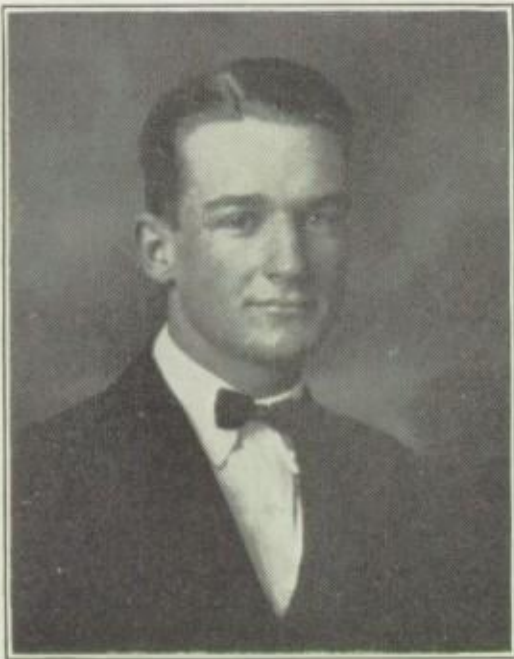
Faculty Advisers

MISS STETSON
MRS. SWAIN

MISS HUTCHINS
MR. THOMPSON

MR. FARRAR





REVIEW

In the REVIEW this year we have tried to compile information and pictures that will increase in value as a souvenir as the years roll by. We have tried to publish a book that will please the students. In all other respects the REVIEW speaks for itself. We have done our best with the material we had at hand. We hope that, in the years to come, under better conditions, the REVIEW will flourish and be larger and more elaborate than this book.

Owing to the generous support of the student body, we were able to print and sell one thousand copies of the REVIEW this year, at a cost of seventeen hundred dollars. As an activity, the REVIEW handles more money than any other activity in the school.

THE REVIEW BOARD

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Art Editors

CYRIL YORK

DOROTHY MAY

CLAUDE GRIBBEN

Business Manager, WINFRED NICKERSON





Left to right: A. Gould, D. LeButt, M. Fryatt, A. Cobb.

FRENCH CLUB OFFICERS

President, ALLEN COBB

Vice-President, MARION FRYATT

Secretary, DOROTHY LeBUTT

Treasurer, ALPHIN GOULD

The French Club has proved its right to be considered one of Portland High's largest and most progressive activities. Last year the membership of the club was limited to students of third year French receiving a rank of "G." It proved so popular that it was reorganized in two divisions, one, to correspond to the club of last year, and the other to include any student studying French who wished to enter. This large club is necessarily conducted partly in English for the benefit of the first year pupils, and it has presented an attractive series of meetings in which short sketches in French have been a very interesting feature.

The advanced club, known as the "Cercle Francais," is composed of third year students, and its meetings are conducted entirely in French. In fact, when a member forgets and speaks English, he is fined one cent a word, and, as a result, the club is fairly well-to-do. In order that all may have a chance to take part, games are played which require the participation of everyone present.

The first meeting of the "Cercle Francais" was held in the Music Room, where election of officers took place. At the first meeting of the French Club, two sketches, "La Fête de Noël," "La Poupée," and a Folk dance, "Sur la Pont d'Avignon," were given. Meetings have been held regularly throughout the season, and have been well attended. Three of the meetings have been followed by dancing in the new Girls' Gymnasium. At the last meeting of the year, an illustrated lecture, with sixty views, was read by Alphin Gould. To this meeting members of the Art Club were invited.



OFFICERS

President, DORIS PEABODY

Vice-President, ELIZABETH SINKINSON

Secretary, BENJAMIN COHEN

Treasurer, MILDRED HUELIN

"Language is the key which not only opens the riches and the stores of great literatures, but opens the doors of influential, profitable human contact with great peoples."



Left to right: D. Peabody, E. Sinkinson, M. Huelin, B. Cohen.

SPANISH CLUB

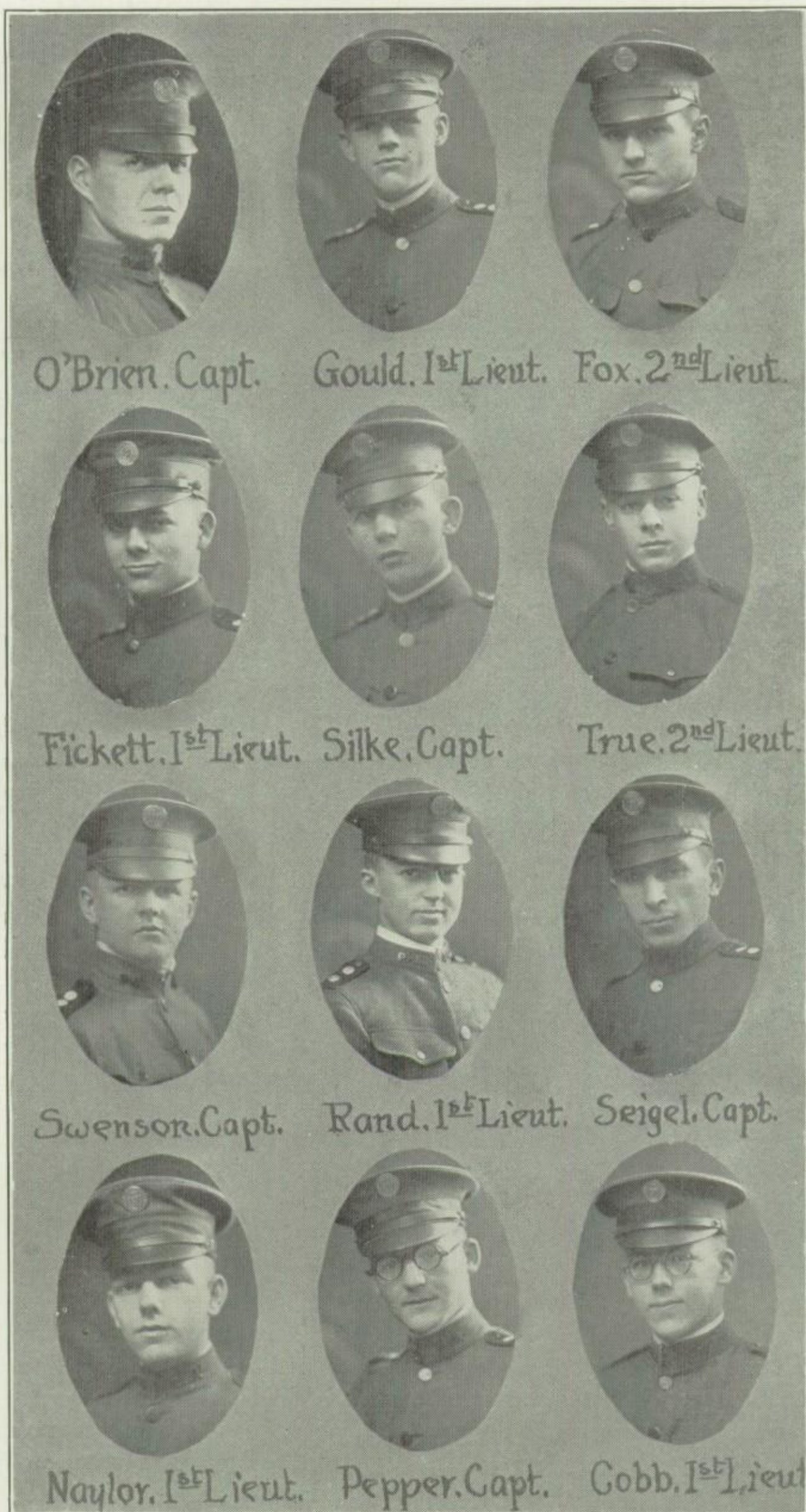
The meetings of the Spanish Club have been mainly along instructive lines this year. The members have come to realize that the Spanish language is already an important factor in the business world of to-day, hence the growing interest in the subject everywhere.

In the case of every study, there are always some students who take the subject merely because they need a point, and these students take the easiest subject possible in order to get this point. Many have taken Spanish because they thought it was a "cinch" study, but at the end of the half-year these students had found out their mistake and dropped Spanish.

If one really takes Spanish seriously, it is a very easy language to learn. The Spanish literature and the study of Spain, as well, are a delight to anyone caring for the language and desiring to study it seriously. Spanish abounds in pleasant sounding words which make it one of the most musical languages in the world.

Spanish is spoken in Porto Rico, Spain, Cuba, the Philippines, the Canary Islands, Mexico, and all the countries of South America with the exception of Brazil. Altogether, there are seventy million people who speak the language to-day. With a knowledge of English and Spanish, wonderful opportunities await people in the South American importing and exporting trade.

The students are gradually coming to recognize the practical use to which Spanish can be put and the need of a knowledge of Spanish in business, but this is not all that is essential. It would be of little avail to know the language if one understood nothing of the people with whom he was to have business dealings, or if one was not familiar with the physical and economic nature of the country. All these matters are taken up in an interesting way at the meetings of the club.



PORTLAND HIGH SCHOOL CADETS

This year has been the most successful year of the Portland High School Cadet Corps in its thirty years of history. The cadets are the oldest and most prominent of the school's activities. Much of the credit for such success is due to Mr. Philip J. Lowell, the efficient drillmaster. Mr. Lowell has had wide experience in military matters and is fully fitted for his responsible position.

This year it was Deering's turn to provide a major. This position alternates between Portland and Deering High. Linwood Huden has held that position for the past year. This is the second year he has been a commissioned officer. Last year he was adjutant, with the rank of Lieutenant.

The adjutant this year is Capt. John Silke. He has been in the cadets three years and was promoted from the rank of corporal.

Capt. Harold O'Brien has been the commanding officer of B Company. He has been a very efficient leader and well liked by his company. This company made a fine showing at the ball and was a strong contender for the cup.

C Company has been under the command of Capt. Forrest Pepper. He was popular with his company and could be relied upon at all times. His efficient work in carrying out the movements of the infantry drill regulations won the cup for his company.

Capt. Harold Swenson was the commanding officer of supply Company. He took charge of all equipment belonging to the cadets. He has been in the cadets three years and has earned his promotion.

The object of all this drilling and hard work is the Cadet Ball, which is held near the end of every school year. The Annual Cadet Ball has become one of the biggest social functions of the school year. Superintendent Jack made the statement, "I have attended twenty-eight Cadet Balls, but this one is the best I have ever witnessed." This shows just how successful the Ball was.

Company C carried off both cups. It clocked the fastest time in the wall scaling event, doing the wall scaling in seventeen seconds. Company C also carried off the cup for the best drill company. This company did not do any elaborate manoeuvres, but the ease and efficiency in which it did the simple movements won for it the praise of the judges and the cup. Company C, having won the cup for three years, is now the permanent possessor of it.

The next thing the cadets look forward to after the Cadet Ball is the summer camp. Every year, as soon as school closes, the cadets go out for a practice march and camp. Last year, as funds were not available, they did not go, but this year they expect to go, as the Ball was very successful. The camp will probably be held at North Sebago. There is a fine site with every facility for a fine camp there. Here the cadets will spend ten days in the open—sleeping and eating out-of-doors. After a year at books in school, the cadet camp is a welcome relief.





CADET BAND

The Cadet Band, now in its third year, has become one of the most important organizations in the school.

This year the Band, through the efforts of Mr. Crawford, was able to accompany the football team on its trip to Bangor. The Band has furnished music for several assemblies and outside occasions. It has been in all the football parades and has occasioned much favorable comment. The Band furnished some especially fine music for the Cadet Ball.

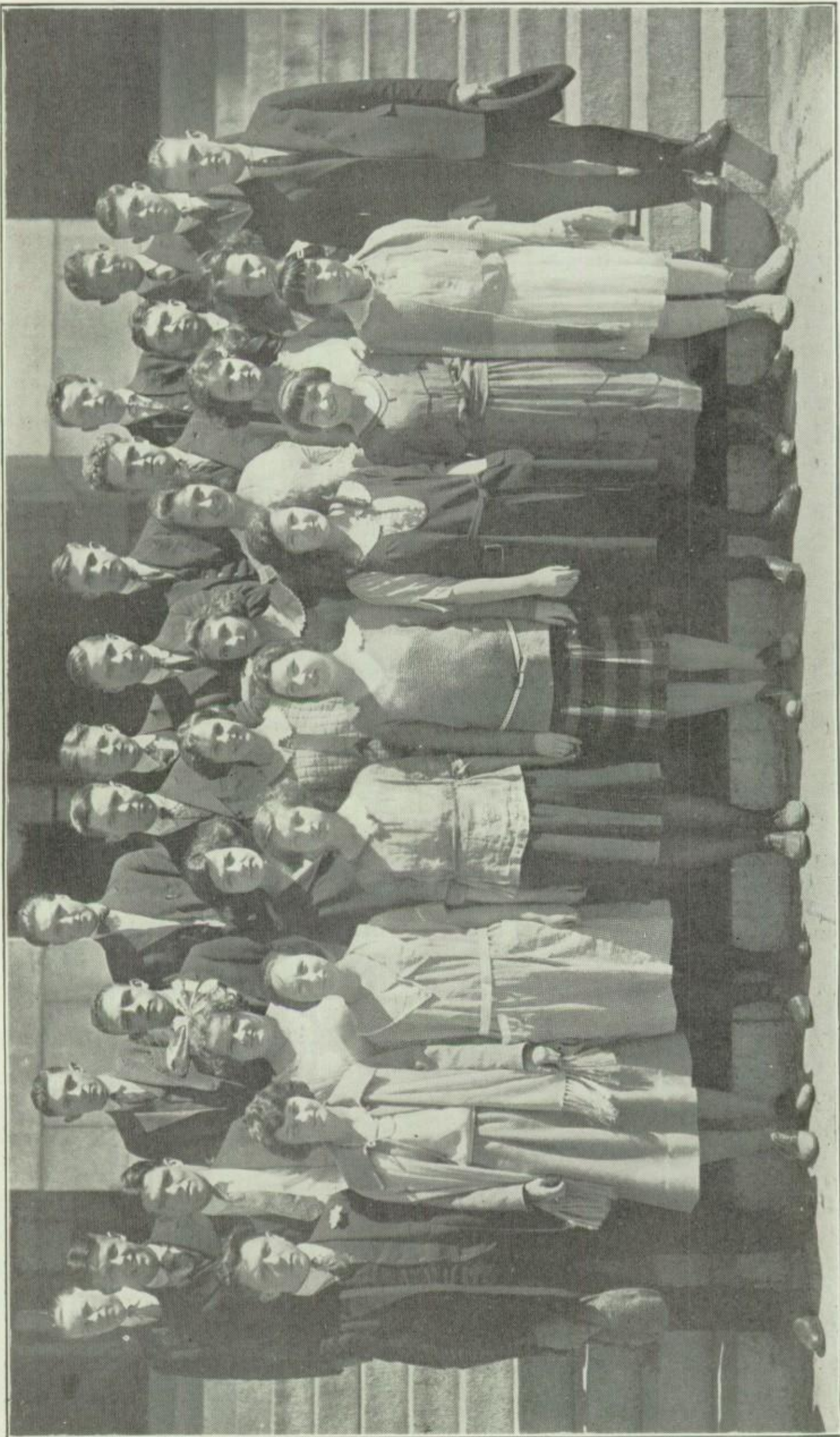
The members of the Band are:

EDWARD DEVINE, Drum Major

SHAW
GODFREY
CUMMINGS
BOWKER
MARSHALL
MANGUM
SMALL
CANDY
BIRD
EVELETH
SMALL
STANCHFIELD
GILDART
D'ALFONZO
FICKETT
LUSCOMB
HUNT
TUCKER

KENNETH NAYLOR, Leader

STOUGHTON
DAVIS
HAVILAND
JORDAN
BAKER
PETERSON
WOOD
STORER
McLAUGHLIN
CLARK
WORK
MORSE
JENSEN
WARREN
PUTNAM
FAY
STEVENS
MARTIN



ORCHESTRA

This year the orchestra, under Mr. Crawford's direction, has been very successful. It has furnished music for several assemblies and for outside affairs. Its members deserve special credit for the manner in which they presented the music for "The Royal Vagabond." The members are:

LEAH COMEAU
ROY COOPER
SYDNEY SHIRO
DORA HANSCOM
ROBERT SPEAR
ELVA McCALMON
LOUISE WATERMAN
DORIS SEAVY
SAMUEL SACKNOFF
JOSEPH D'ALFONSO
HORTENSE MORSE
HARRY WOOD
MARSHALL SHAW
HENRY McLAUGHLIN
PHILIP GILDART
ELAND HAYDEN
LEO BROE
LILLIAN TALBOT
RUDOLPH CEDERSTROM
FRANCES BROCE
ALICE WEINBERG

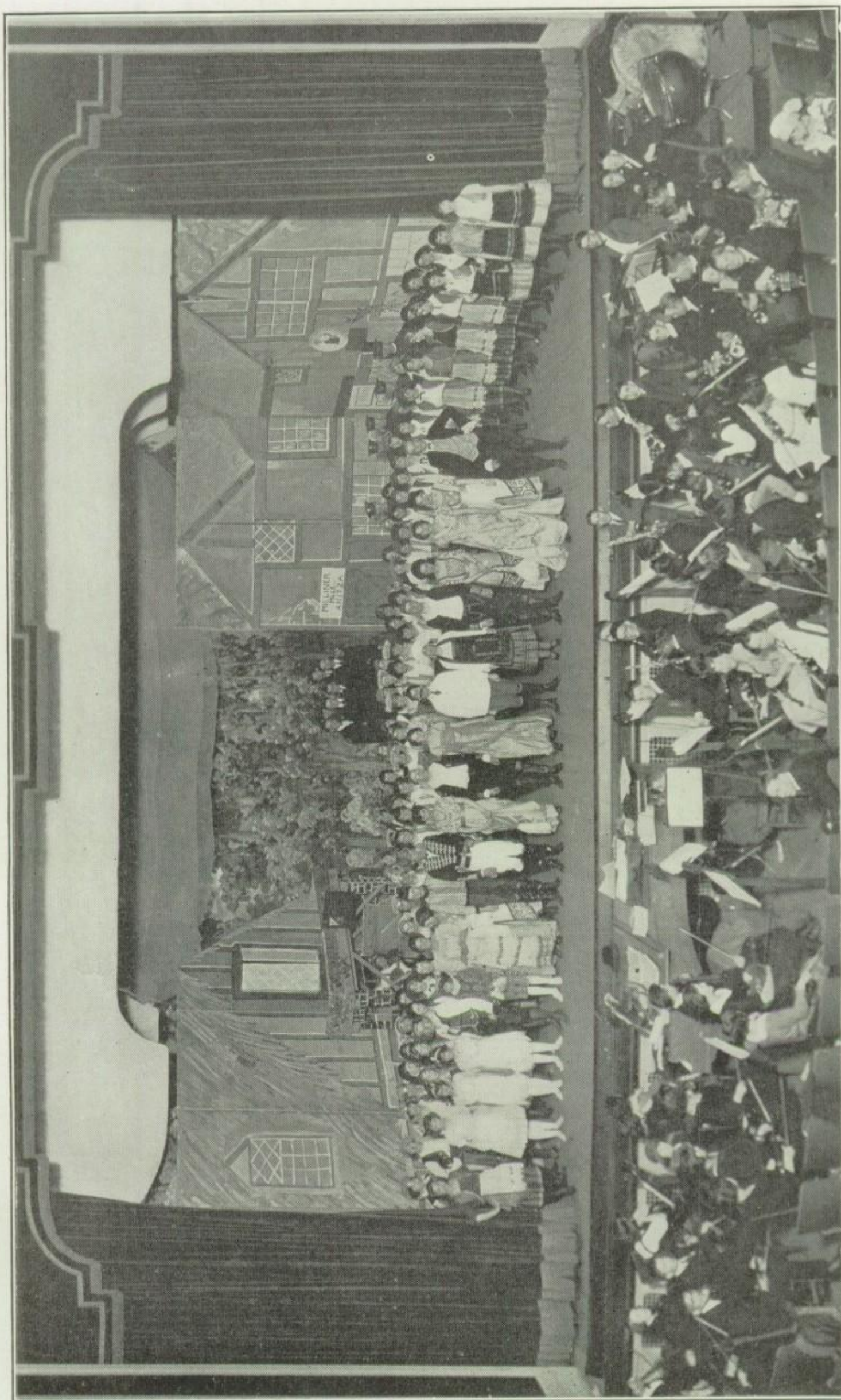
LAWRENCE GODFREY
RICHARD CURIE
MARGARET SHEAF
LLOYD MORSE
MERRILL STOVER
HAROLD CUMMINGS
KENNETH NAYLOR
HAROLD CLARK
HERMAN STANCHFIELD
GERALD ERLICK
LILLIAN WEBBER
ROSE POLITSKY
CATHERINE FITZSIMMONS
ETTA MODES
JOSEPH WURAFTIC
ROY HOBSON
CHARLES SMALL
HAZEL CHICK
PHILIP JENSEN
CARL WORK
JOHN MARSHALL



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB



BOYS' GLEE CLUB



THE ROYAL VAGABOND

The Royal Vagabond, presented by P. H. S. and D. H. S. Glee Clubs, scored one of the biggest successes of the year. This play represented the climax of the club's work for the year, and Mr. Crawford deserves much credit for the way it was presented. The leading parts were taken by Harold S. O'Brien of Portland and Miss Lucille Potter of Deering, who deserve great credit for the fine way they took their parts.

THE CAST

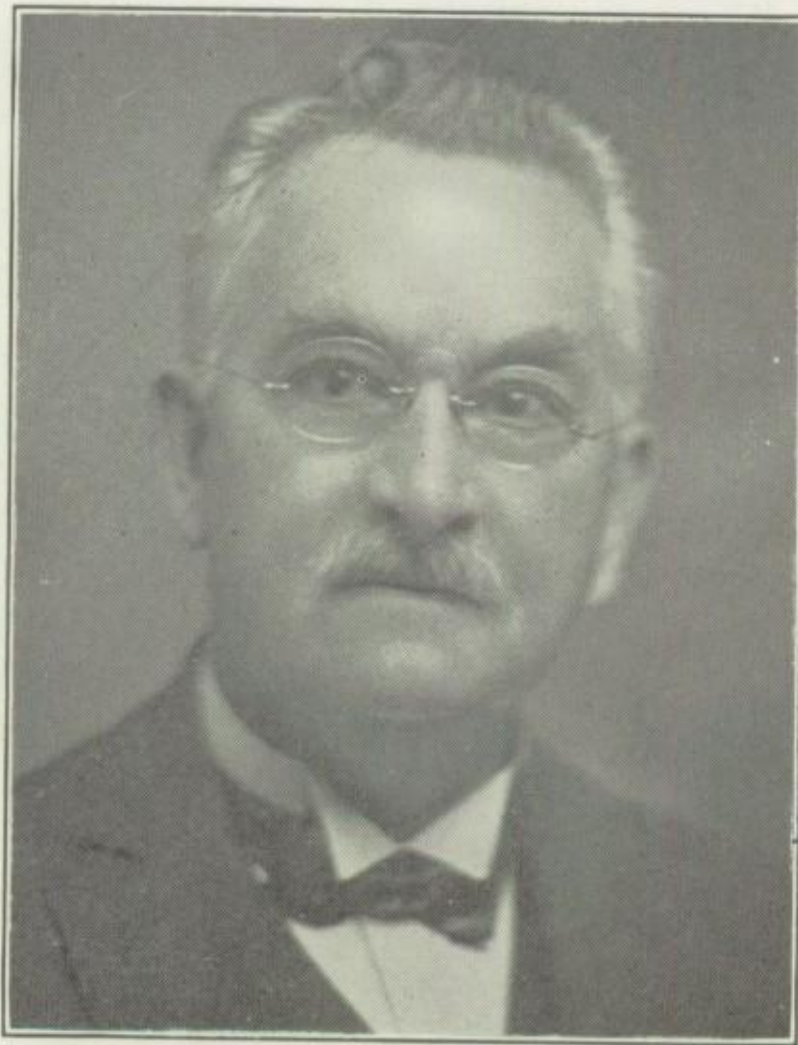
CHEFCHECK	KENNETH STOUT, Deering
MARCEL	LEO LYONS, Portland
JANKU	GARDNER HAYDEN, Portland
ANITZA CHEFCHECK	LUCILLE POTTER, Deering
COLONEL PETROFF	PAUL KENNAN, Portland
SIXTUS	ALBERT PARKHURST, Deering
PRINCE STEPHAN	HAROLD O'BRIEN, Portland
PROFESSOR HOPKINS	ELMER MANGUM, Portland
PRINCESS VIOLETTA	EDNA KEOUGH, Portland
PRINCESS HELENA	DORIS PEABODY, Portland
QUEEN OF BARGRAVIA	DELIGHT TRUFANT, Portland
QUEEN OF BARGRAVIA	MADELINE WHITNEY, Portland
A PAGE	MURIEL BUCKNAM, Deering
CAPTAIN DANTZIG	HAROLD TAYLOR, Deering
DRODONO	FOSTER MANNING, Portland
ROZELLO	DOROTHY GOFF, Portland
THE MESSENGER	PEARL PINKHAM, Portland
FOOTMAN	CHESTER RICKER, Deering



Pres. H. Lagdon. V. Pres. K. Lilley.



Sec. J. Norton. Treas. R. Clauson.



VOCATIONAL CLUB

OFFICERS

President, HARRY B. LAGDON

Vice-President, KENNETH LILLY

Secretary, JAMES NORTON

Treasurer, ROBERT CLAWSON

The Vocational Club is one of the school's newest activities. In the past few years the vocational department of Portland High School has been in need of something to stir up the vocational spirit among the students. Realizing this, Mr. Parker, supervisor of the shops, called vocational teachers to a meeting to help the students form a club. The Vocational Club started with scarcely thirty members, and soon passed the one hundred mark for membership.

This club is educational, social, and fraternal. The vocational teachers greatly assisted the officers in arranging the meetings. Thus the cornerstone of the future club was laid.

Motion pictures have had a prominent part in the programs: pictures from the Dodge Motor Car Co., General Electric Co., Western Electric Co., and Buick Motor Car Co. Then, too, the club has listened to well-known speakers, including His Honor Mayor Carroll S. Chaplin, Mr. Edw. A. Harris, and Mr. Henry F. Merrill. These meetings have been surprisingly well attended, in many cases the number of members present running up to a thousand. Music has been furnished by the P. H. S. Band and, on several occasions, by Charles G. H. Evans. The evening classes attended two of these meetings in large numbers.

The Vocational Club has had as good meetings as any club in the school, and has proved itself a live activity. May the future P. H. S. Vocational Club have unlimited success and may the spirit of vocationalism spread, not only in Portland High School, but also to many other schools.



Back row, left to right: W. Ela, E. Adams. Front row: H. Clark, S. Peterson, E. Devine.

AD CLUB

The Ad Club is one of the newest and most active organizations in P. H. S. It was founded March 4, 1922, by the members of the advertising class, who realized that an Ad Club in the school would be a very fine thing and would also keep them in closer contact with the study of advertising.

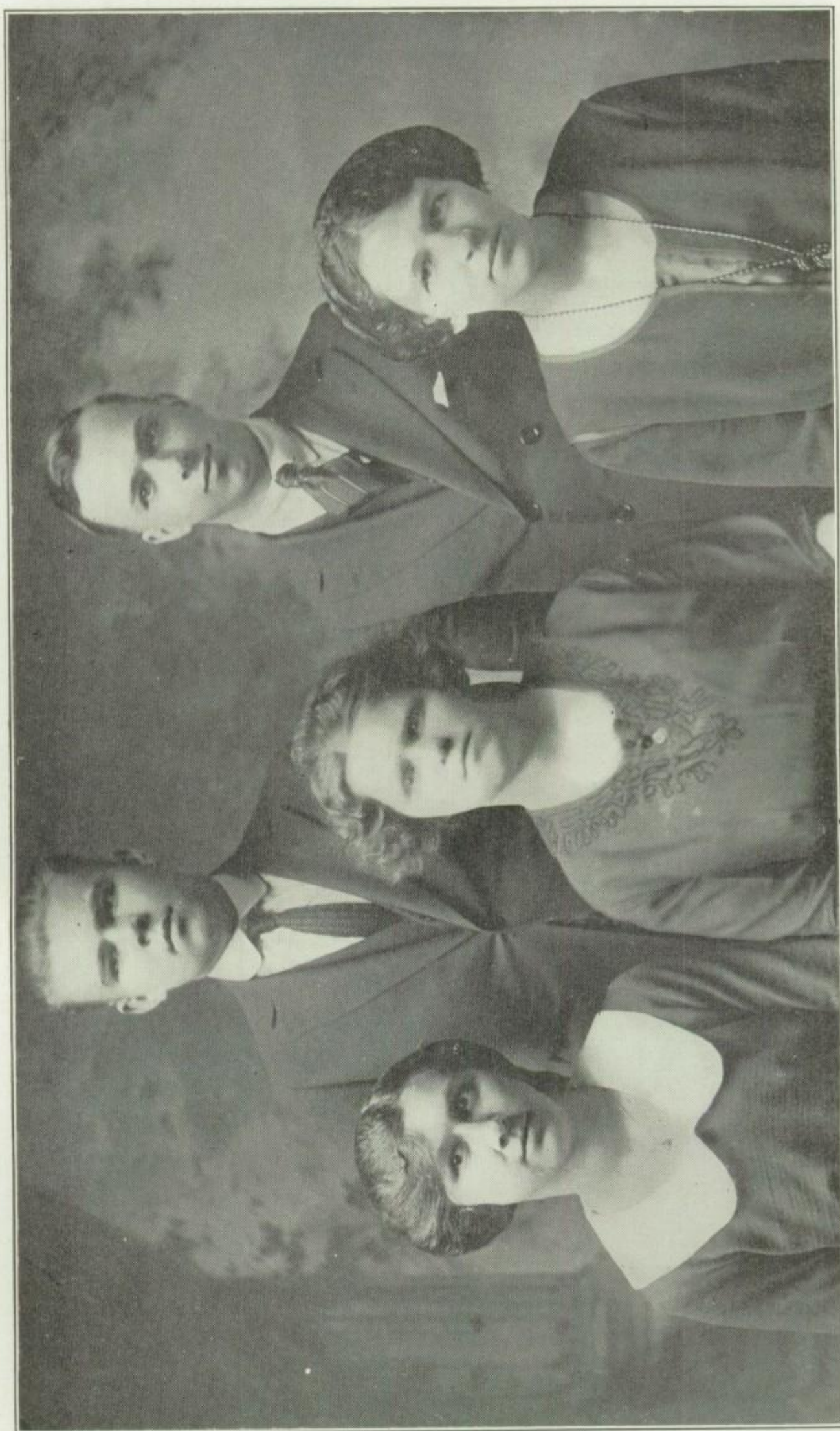
The membership numbers twenty-one, and each member is an enthusiast and live wire. The club includes six girls, who are very prominent members. One of them is vice-president. The regular weekly meetings of the club, in the class period, are very eventful affairs and arouse great interest.

The president, with the aid of the publicity committee, has been very successful in getting some of the best business and advertising men in Portland to speak at the club meetings. All of these speakers, and many other business men in Portland, are much in favor of having a club of this kind in the school.

Mr. Mackintosh, president of the Advertising Club of the World, sent a personal message to the P. H. S. club, saying that he was very glad to see an Ad Club in our school, and that as far as he knew, we are the first High School in the country to have such an organization.

Under the instruction of Mrs. Bertha Taylor Goodridge, the club is turning out very fine ad copies, and several members have been awarded prizes for writing ad copies for the Zain Ad Writing Contest.

The Charter members of the club are as follows: Harold Clark, president; Miss Sophia Peterson, vice-president; Edmund Adams, secretary; Edward Devine, treasurer; William Ela, Arthur Newcomb, and Harold O'Brien, publicity committee; Fred Berry, William Berry, Hollie Bucklin, Martha Davis, David Donovan, Eleanor Erskine, Louis Glidden, Allen Melvin, Mildred Metcalf, Catherine Murry, Harold Raymond, Gladys Stinson, and Harry Venner.



SALESMANSHIP CLUB

OFFICERS

President, RALPH PURINGTON*Vice-President*, THEODORE STEVENS*Secretary*, MILDRED METCALF*Treasurer*, EVELYN CLAY*Executive Committee.*VIOLA GILLIOTT
EDWARD DEVINEBERNARD POOLE
GEORGE O'BRIEN*Faculty Advisers.*

MRS. GOODRIDGE

MR. CHAPIN

Last fall the Salesmanship Club was organized in order that the pupils of Portland High School might gain a practical knowledge of the fundamental principles of business. A constitution drawn up by a committee and accepted by Mr. Jack and Mrs. Goodridge, stated the aims and regulations of the organization. Salesmanship in this school is of service not only to the pupils, but also to the merchants of this city, because it teaches young men and women before they graduate from high school to deal with the commercial public and to meet and overcome the obstacles of life. It also makes them better acquainted and more conversant with progressive business methods and systems.

The Salesmanship Club holds its meetings the second Wednesday of every month. In the course of these meetings it has had several very interesting speakers, who have pointed out the opportunities that Maine offers in commercial work.

This report would not be quite complete without mention of Mrs. Bertha Taylor Goodridge, the salesmanship teacher and club adviser. Her interest and thoughtfulness have been greatly appreciated by the members of the club.

SALESMANSHIP MOTTO

"Constancy of purpose is the secret of success."





COMMERCIAL CLUB

OFFICERS

President, WILLIAM DRISCOLL

Vice-President, BERNICE MARR

Secretary, JULIA LICKER

Treasurer, ELIZABETH ROCHE

Reporter, MARION STERLING

The purpose of the Commercial Club is to instil in its members the atmosphere and spirit of commercial life. This is accomplished by having business men speak at the club meetings, and by giving various programs which will, in every way, help the members to become better acquainted with business conditions.

The club has just completed most successfully its fourteenth year. It has been very fortunate in securing some of the city's best business men as speakers. Mr. Fred Eastman, of Eastman Brothers and Bancroft, spoke to the club on the subject, "Seen and Heard in Great Britain." He was one of the party of business men from the United States who visited Europe last year for the purpose of studying business conditions in England and on the continent. As Mr. Eastman knew that many of the club were studying English Literature, he told of visiting places made famous by English and Scottish poets and writers. He also spoke most interestingly of the London guilds.

When Mrs. Splann was shifted from the commercial department to the classical department, it was necessary to appoint a new social adviser. The club appreciates all that Mrs. Splann has done to make the club a success. Miss Donley was appointed in her place.

In previous years the Commercial Club has been open only to Seniors, but this year, Juniors were invited to join and the club doubled its membership.



VARSITY GYMNASIUM TEAM



FRESHMAN GYMNASIUM TEAM

P. H. S. GYMNASIUM TEAMS

OUR gymnasium instructor, Mr. D. L. Parker, who came to Portland High last year, has done much toward developing the physical department of the school. He decided to form a gymnasium team; that is, a team composed of the best athletes taking gymnasium work. The team was formed for the purpose of having leaders for the various exercises given on the night of the annual exhibition. Mr. Parker first issued the call for candidates on March 25th. Nearly one hundred and fifty reported for practice, showing that the students were taking great interest in this department. The original plan was to have a team of twenty-five, composed of students of all classes. The number of candidates was so large and their ability so equally matched, that it was decided to have a varsity team of fifteen members and a freshman team of fifteen, the varsity to be made up of seniors, juniors, and the ablest of the sophomores, and the freshman team of sophomores and freshmen. Practice was held every Tuesday evening and every Friday afternoon, with special practice for the varsity team on Saturday morning. After practicing for six weeks, the candidates were given a written examination, by which the members of the two teams were selected. Arthur Robinson was chosen captain, Harley Riley manager, and Ralph Bowker assistant manager, of the varsity team, David Licker, captain, and Clayton Wentworth, manager, of the Freshman team.

The annual exhibition, held on May eleventh, was a great success. The exhibition opened with gymnastic marching. Next, the Freshmen performed with dumb-bells, this exercise being used to develop the muscles of the arms and legs. Indian clubs and wands are used for the same purpose. Then came a setting-up drill, arranged by Mr. Frank Preti, and used by him in training for track. The Sophomores demonstrated the apparatus work: the buck and high dive and exercises on parallel bars, side horse, and horizontal bar. This form of gymnastics is used for co-ordination of the larger muscles of the body.

The gymnasium teams are enthusiastic over the organization and appreciate the untiring efforts of Mr. Parker.



Left to right: S. Sacknoff, I. Miller, G. Hughes, B. Whitehouse.

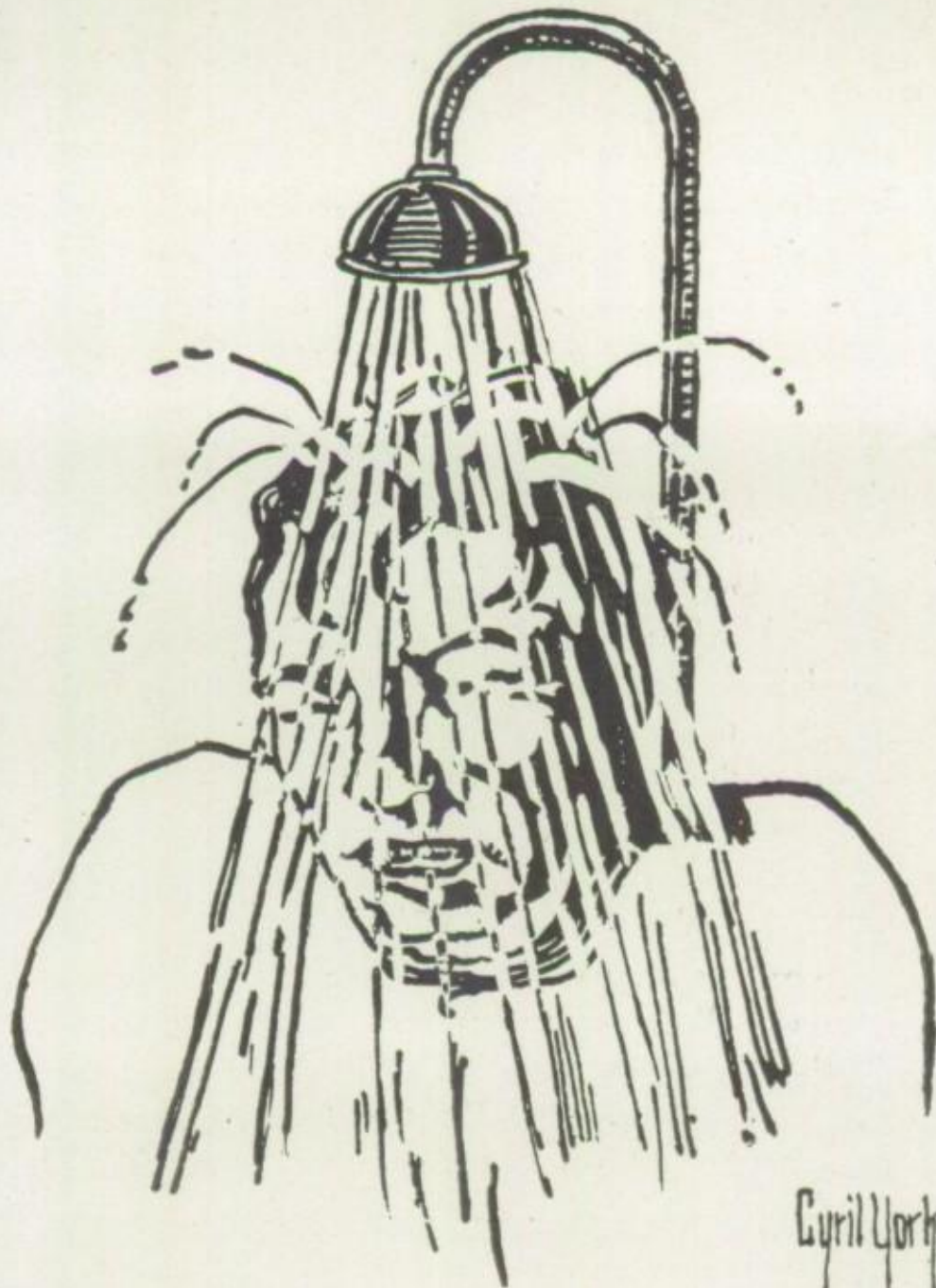
DEBATING

This year, debating in Portland High School has received a new impetus. Not only has the school put a winning varsity team on the field, but it has developed freshman and sophomore teams that showed marked ability in a debate before the whole school. When the call was sent out for candidates for the freshman team, a very large number of freshmen applied. There was spirited competition for places on the team. The team which was picked consisted of Boone Wilson, Vena Percival, David Licker, and Leo Huberman, alternate. The sophomore team was composed of John Gulliver, Adeline Caplan, Leo Broe, and Francis Clawson, alternate. The freshman and sophomore teams held a lively debate before the school, the decision of which went to the freshmen, for the first time in many years.

The varsity team this year had only one veteran speaker left from last year, Gwyn Hughes. The other three places were won by Israel Miller, Samuel Sacknoff, and Briggs Whitehouse, alternate. In spite of the fact that the team was inexperienced, it won the only debate of the year, from Lewiston. This gave Portland High the cup of the Bowdoin League. Next year there will be three of this year's varsity debaters left to represent the school, and we can expect even greater things.

The reason why there has been so much interest shown in debating the last year is the enthusiastic coaching and interest of Miss McCann, the debating coach. She cannot be praised too much for the work she has done to make debating a success.

Athletics



Cyril York,

1921-22.

ATHLETICS IN PORTLAND HIGH SCHOOL

DURING the year 1922, athletics have been very successful in Portland High School.

The football team was the first to pry off the lid for the Portland athletes. Under the tutelage of our new coach, James J. Fitzpatrick, and with only two veterans from last year's team, the squad went through a very successful season, suffering only a few defeats, which were more than overbalanced by the overwhelming victories.

As soon as the football season was over, Coach Fitzpatrick started his basket-ball men to work, and in a short while he developed a team, composed mostly of green material, which upheld and even bettered the record which the team of the preceding year had established.

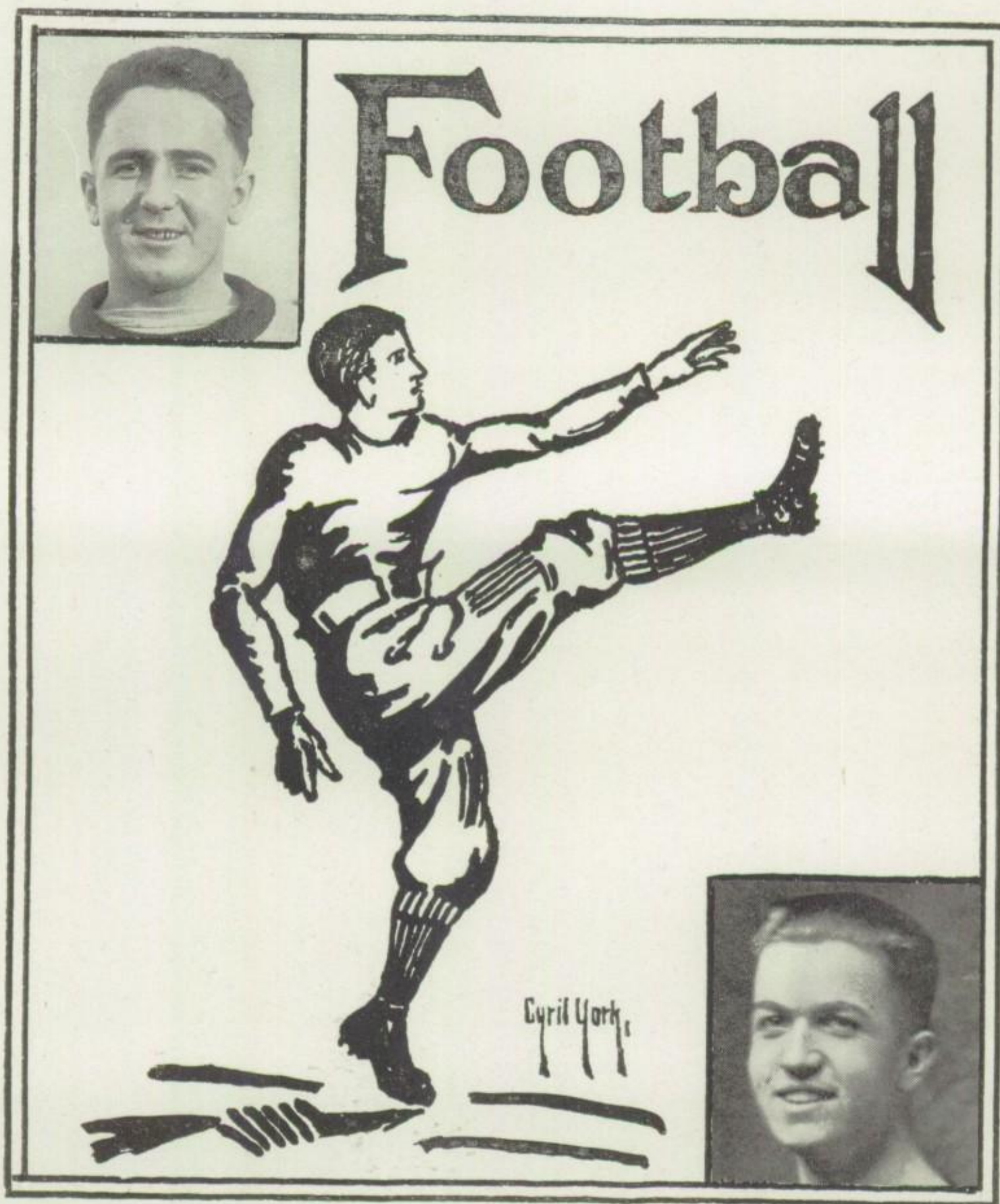
Meanwhile, the girls, who are not to be outdone by the boys, started their basket-ball team, under Coach "Billy" O'Connell. Since basket-ball is the only branch of girls' athletics in the school, a huge squad, or, as Mr. Preti says, "170 men," came out for the team. From this squad a real championship team was developed, for although the team was twice defeated, these defeats were made up in the return games.

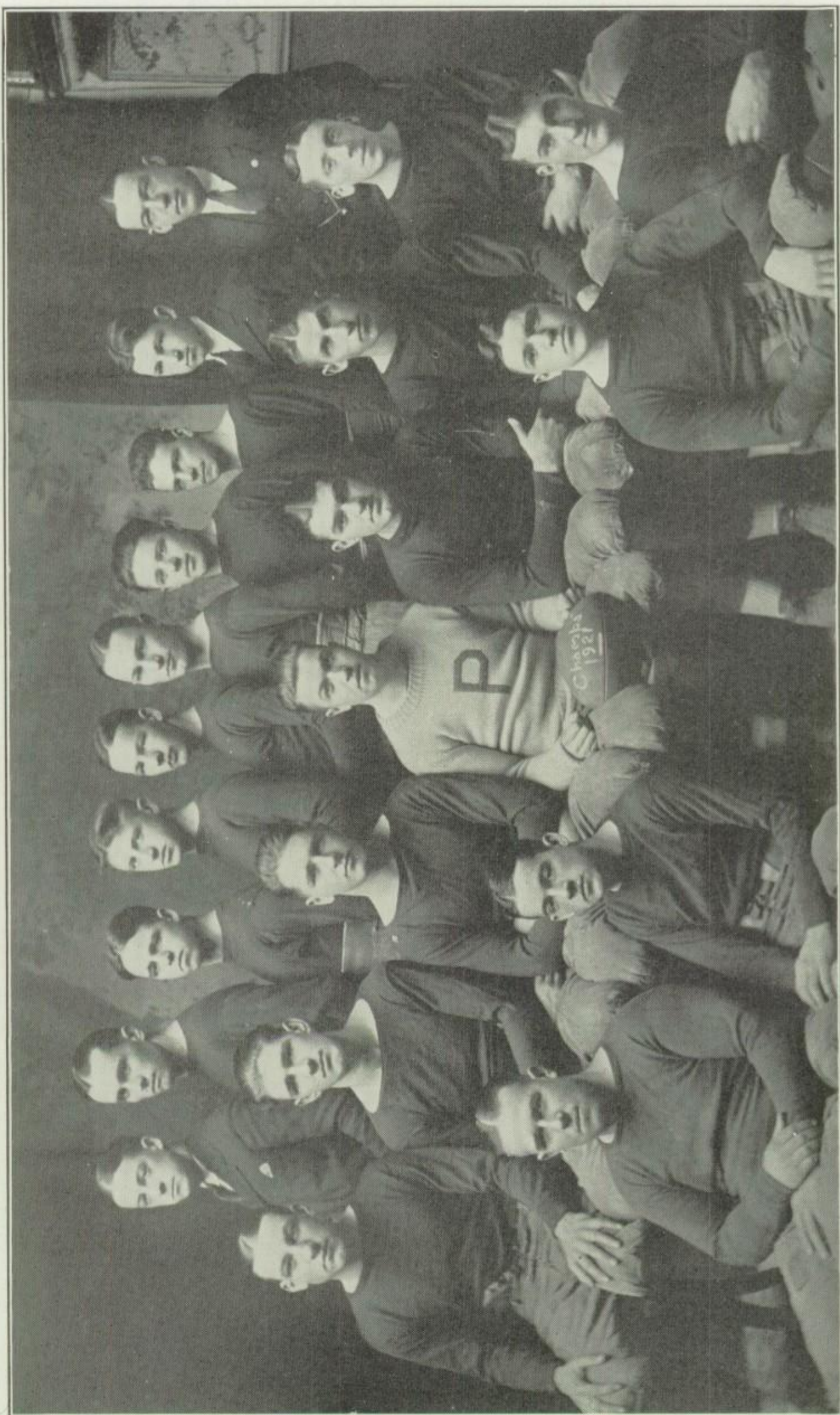
While the basket-ball teams were establishing their wonderful records, Coach Frank P. Preti and his green track team were not to be found napping. The track team defeated most of its opponents, and lost only to two crack college freshman teams. Two of the greatest victories which the track team had were over Deering and Hebron. This year is the first time in the history of the school that Portland has ever defeated Hebron, and is the first time in the last four or five years that the team has defeated its old rival, Deering. The team is very likely to annex the state track championship this spring if we judge by its record, for, as Patrick Henry said, "There is no way to judge the future except by the past."

Just as soon as old Jack Frost came to Portland, Coach Hayden Perkins took his puck chasers down to the Oaks, where he instructed them in the rudiments of the hockey game. With the vast amount of knowledge obtained from Coach Perkins and with their athletic prowess, the team established a record which was not blemished by one defeat. The team even did more than all this for Portland High School, for it brought back to the school a beautiful silver loving cup, which it won by defeating Deering at the North Conway winter carnival.

Although the year book went to press before the baseball and tennis teams had a chance to carve their names in the Portland High School hall of fame, we are sure that they will do this, for the young men of Portland High School are leaders in all branches of activities, and, furthermore, they will have as their coaches, "Jimmy" Fitzpatrick, in baseball, and William Simonton, in tennis, two men who have already established a record for themselves at Portland High.

On the whole, athletics have brought honor, not only to our school, but to the country, for the men who have taken part in these sports have become better and stronger, and have learned what it means to co-operate and to play fair.





The following men were awarded letters at the end of the season:

FRANCIS McFARLAND, Capt.
 JAMES FLYNN, Capt.-elect
 HAROLD KIMBALL
 FRANK CUMMINGS
 KENNETH LILLY
 FRANCIS BROWN
 LEROY MAGUIRE
 RAY CARR
 HAROLD TEMPLE
 JOHN HEFFREN, Mgr.

BART FLAHERTY
 WILLIAM KILEY
 DONALD FLAVIN
 JOSEPH WARD
 FRANCIS McTIGUE
 JAMES FAY
 GEORGE PAINE
 MARTIN FLAHERTY
 GEORGE O'BRIEN

RECORD

Oct. 1. Portland 7, Deering 0.
 Oct. 8. Portland 7, Lewiston 0.
 Oct. 22. Portland 0, Manchester 13.
 Oct. 29. Portland 7, Bangor 0.

Nov. 5. Portland 0, Waltham 0.
 Nov. 12. Portland 14, Bangor 6.
 Nov. 24. Portland 6, Deering 7.

FOOTBALL

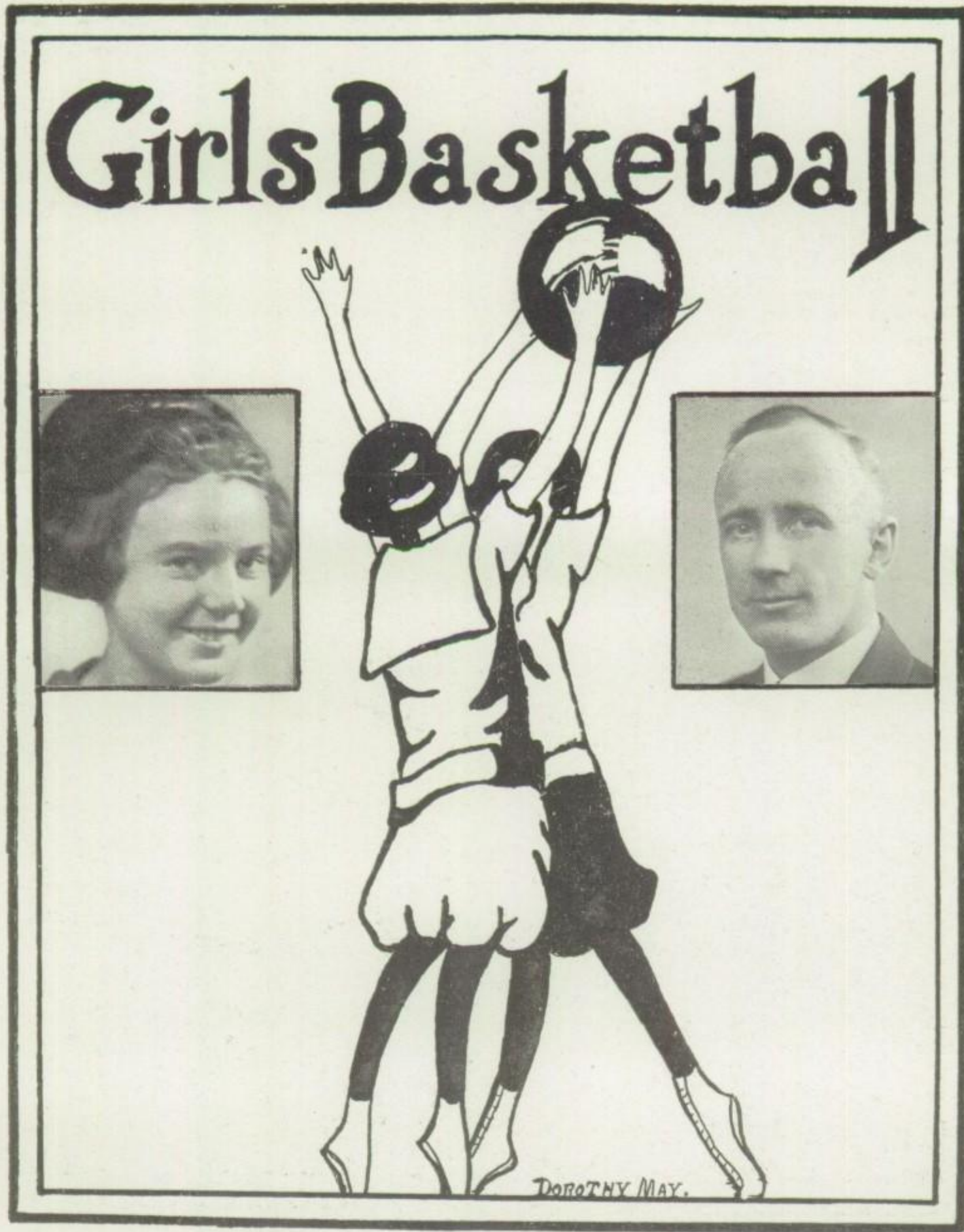
PORTLAND High School won four of the seven games on the 1921 football schedule, and lost two; the other resulted in a tie. Each game was close, and Portland's opponents were made up of the strongest teams in Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Portland won over Bangor twice, and over Lewiston, won one game and lost one with Deering, and lost to Manchester. The Portland-Waltham contest was fought out to a scoreless tie.

Portland won the opening game with Deering, despite the fact that the Blue had a light and inexperienced team, while the Purple boasted a heavier and veteran eleven. The game with Lewiston, at Lewiston, was won by the same score as the one with Deering, 7 to 0. On October 22, Portland suffered its first defeat at the hands of Manchester. The first Bangor game, played at Bayside, was won 7 to 0, and in Bangor the Blue was again victorious by a score of 14 to 6. This game was played in a veritable quagmire, yet Portland made a wonderful come-back, and scored two touch-downs after Bangor had made the first score. Portland and Waltham battled to a 0 to 0 tie at Bayside, both teams losing opportunities to score because of the high wind that caused many fumbles. The final game of the season, that with Deering on Thanksgiving Day, was played on a snow-covered gridiron and in a blinding storm. Deering's heavy line was a great advantage on such a slippery field, and the game ended with Deering on the long end of a seven to six score.

Throughout the season the defense of the Portland team proved to be a vital factor in the success of the Blue. Even when defeat was almost certain, the Portland team fought with a stubbornness which amazed its rivals, and which never failed to win the praise of the most prejudiced observer.

To Coach James J. Fitzpatrick belongs much of the credit for the success of the past season. It is the coach who gives the boys their skill and their power to fight, and without a competent coach no school need hope for much success in athletics. In his first year, with only fair material, Coach Fitzpatrick produced what is called in sporting circles a "winner." Francis McFarland, the captain, played a clean, fighting game, and his courage and fine spirit of leadership in face of certain defeat, had much to do with the success of the team.

The second team, or the scrubs, get little if any praise during the season. Their lot is simply the buffeting they receive from the first team, and the sore spots by which they remember the season's scrimmages. To their hard work, and to the tireless efforts of Assistant Coach Murphy, who coached the scrubs, the school owes much, for without this faithful co-operation, the season could not have been a success.





SQUAD

HELEN HOWARTH, Capt.
 ALICE STURDIVANT
 FRIEDA SCHONLAND
 TERESA McCORMACK
 HELENA JACKSON
 CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS
 FRANCES McGILLICUDDY
 LOUISE MITCHELL
 PRISCILLA FERGUSON

ANNA SAFFORD
 ESTHER KNUDSEN, Mgr.
 KATHERINE NEAVLING
 STELLA CHRISTENSEN
 ELIZABETH O'BRIEN
 JULIA LICKER
 MARION RODICK
 KATHERINE KELLEY

RECORD

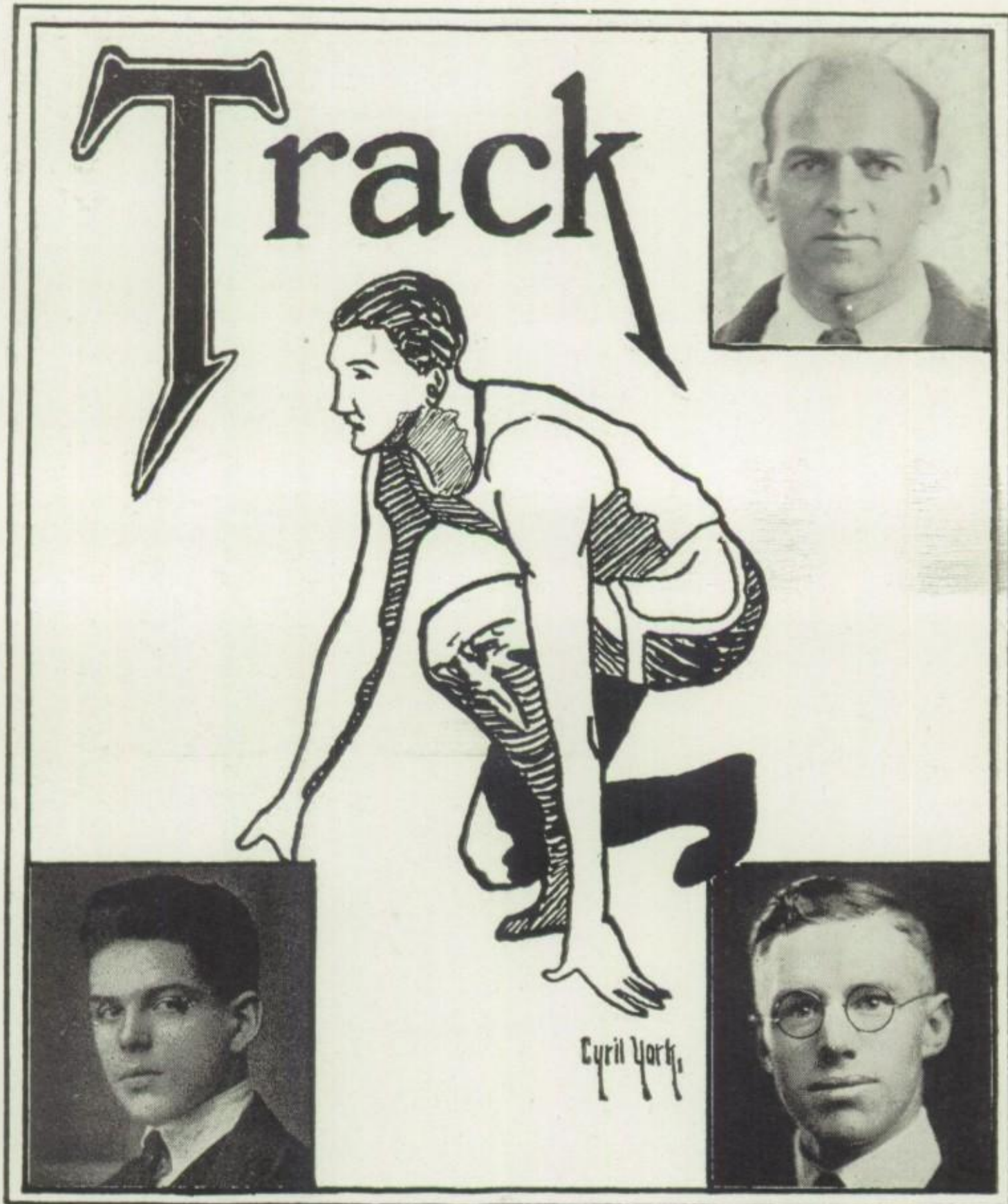
Portland 18, Waynflete 4.
 Portland 38, Sanford 3.
 Portland 26, Scarboro 5.
 Portland 22, Alumni 8.
 Portland 19, So. Portland 17.
 Portland 13, Cony 16.

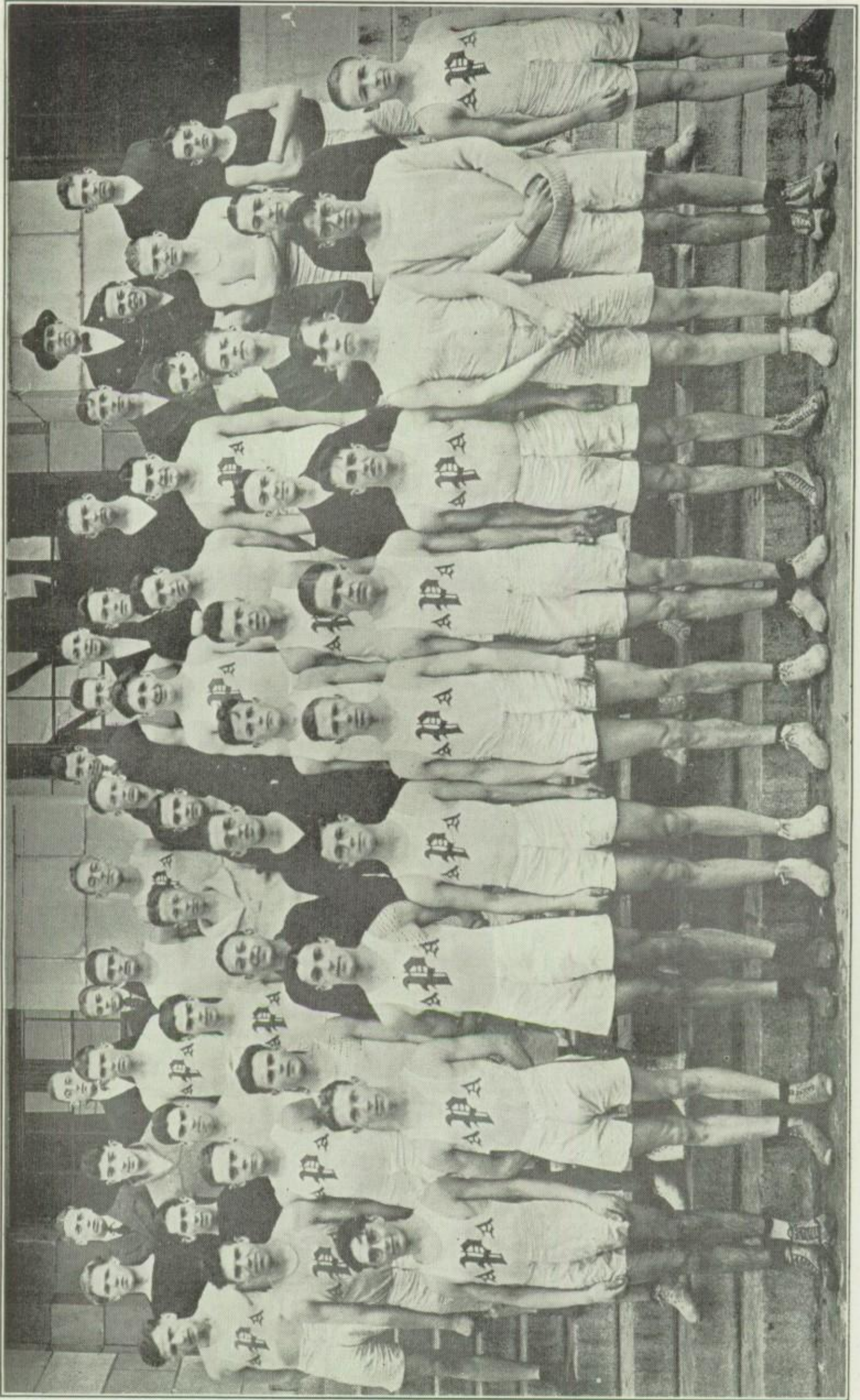
Portland 16, Deering 10.
 Portland 28, Waynflete 6.
 Portland 24, Morse 3.
 Portland 11, Cony 10.
 Portland 25, Deering 14.
 Portland 22, Morse 6.

GIRLS' BASKET-BALL

THE Girls' Basket-ball season of 1922 started last October, when one hundred and seventy candidates, five of whom were veterans of the '21 sextet, reported for practice. The season was officially opened on January 7, when the girls defeated Waynflete. The first trip was a brief but exciting one when the team traveled across the bridge and handed the "Capers" a Portland High surprise package. The first team to mar the heretofore clean slate was the aggregation from Augusta. Two weeks later, the second and last defeat of the season came, from the South Portland lassies. Immediately following these two defeats, Coach O'Connell instilled the lacking force, and spurred the team on to two overwhelming victories over Waynflete and Morse. The best trip planned and realized was that to Augusta, where the long awaited revenge was secured in the form of Cony's scalp. Perhaps the greatest satisfaction of the season was the outcome of the two Deering games. In both of them, the Portland girls gave the suburbanites a severe trouncing, wiping out the defeats of last year.

Considering everything, the team has had a very successful season, winning eleven games out of thirteen. Much credit is due to the girls for this record. Every one of them fought and sacrificed, that Portland High might have a winning team. To Coach William O'Connell the team owes everything. Throughout the season, his untiring efforts to produce results worthy of Portland High School have given the girls ideals never to be forgotten. The spirit which he has created in the team of '22 will never die, but will remain forever in the heart of each and every player. He will always be an inspiration to every one of them. May the teams in the years to come know what it is to have "Billy" for their coach and friend!





SQUAD

WILLIAM ADAMS
 JOSEPH BERNSTEIN
 EDMUND BLACK
 THOMAS BOLAND
 EVERETT BOYNTON
 FRANCIS BROWN
 RUDOLPH CEDERSTROM
 ARTHUR CAMERON
 LESTER CAMPBELL
 RICHARD CASTNER
 BENJAMIN COHEN
 LESLIE COLE
 OSCAR COX
 RICHARD CURRIE
 MAURICE CUSHING
 FRED DERANEY
 HAROLD DOUGHTY
 GRANVILLE DYER
 EARL ETTER
 WILLIAM ELA
 CARROLL FAIRWEATHER
 LEWIS GLIDDEN

ELERY HARRIS, Capt.
 OMAR HARRIS
 ROY HOBSON
 WALLACE HOWARTH
 CHARLES HOWE
 LINWOOD HUTCHINS
 JOHN LEE
 JAMES McCARTHY
 ALBERT McGEE
 JOHN MULLIN
 FRANK MORRISON
 HOWARD MOSLEY
 EDWARD PRATT
 HAROLD PURRINGTON
 HERBERT POWERS
 GEORGE TAPLEY
 HAROLD TEMPLE
 ALFRED TREFREY
 COLIN WAKEFIELD
 WESLEY WHITE
 FRANCIS WYMAN

RECORD

Interclass—

Seniors 34, Sophomores 19,
 Juniors 26, Freshmen 9.
 Portland 22, Bates Freshmen 59.
 Portland 36, Deering 26.
 Portland 37, Deering 36.
 Portland 18, Bowdoin Freshmen 78.

Portland 3½, Bowdoin Interscholastic.
 Portland 63, Hebron 59.
 Portland 22, N. H. Interscholastic.
 U. of M.
 Bowdoin Outdoor.
 Bates Interscholastic.

(Spaces left blank had not been played as we go to press.)

TRACK



WITH a team chosen to a great extent from among inexperienced candidates, prospects for the 1922 track season seemed at first very dubious, but under the able tutelage of our new coach, Frank P. Preti, a team was developed which was worthy of representing Portland High School.

In the first meet of the season, Portland was defeated by the Bates Freshmen, but in the next meet the team more than made up for this defeat by trimming its hereditary rival, Deering, renowned for her wonderful track teams, to the tune of $46\frac{2}{3}$ to $36\frac{1}{3}$. The feature of the meet was the spectacular work of Omar Harris and Herbie Powers in the 440 and mile. Cameron, Mosley, Ela, Hobson, Trefrey, Campbell, Cushing, Brown, Etter, and Lee contributed to Portland's point summary and Capt. Harris, Cohen, Bernstein, and McCarthy aided materially in defeating the Deering relay fliers.

Pre-eminence in the dashes, hurdles, pole-vault, and jumps was the keynote of the success of the Portland team over Deering, Morse, and Thornton in a four-cornered meet a week later. The whole team performed like veterans, showing the unexcelled work of Coach Preti. Lester Campbell was the luminary of the evening, winning honors as high point man, and Capt. Harris ran a plucky race in the 440, which is not his event, to replace his brother, Omar, and scored the point which won the meet for Portland. Deering scored 36, while Morse scored 7 and Thornton 1.

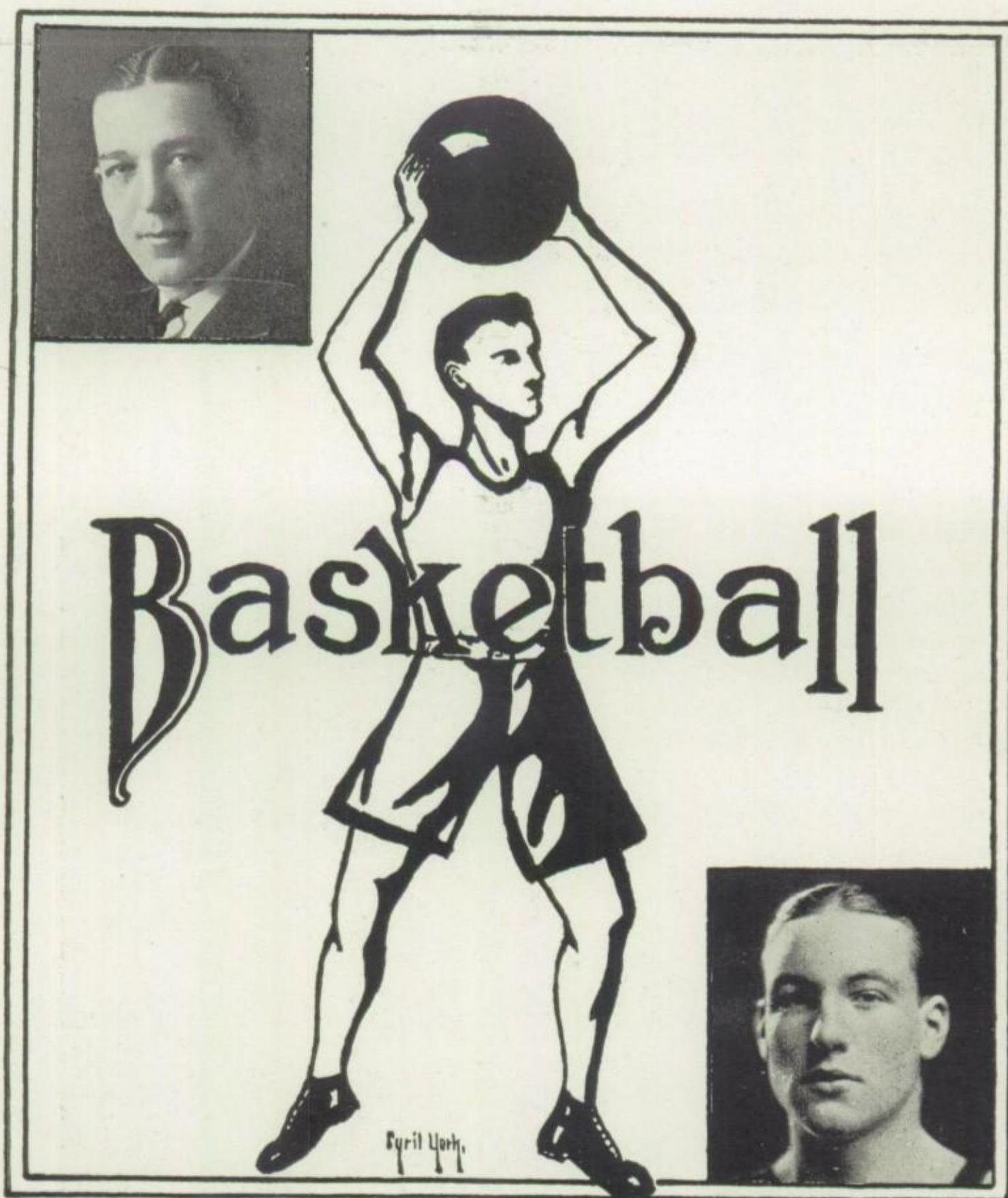
On Feb. 22, Coach Preti took a team of thirty men to meet the Bowdoin Freshmen. Although defeated, the whole team showed up well in such fast company and Capt. Harris, Currie, Hobson, and Glidden starred for Portland.

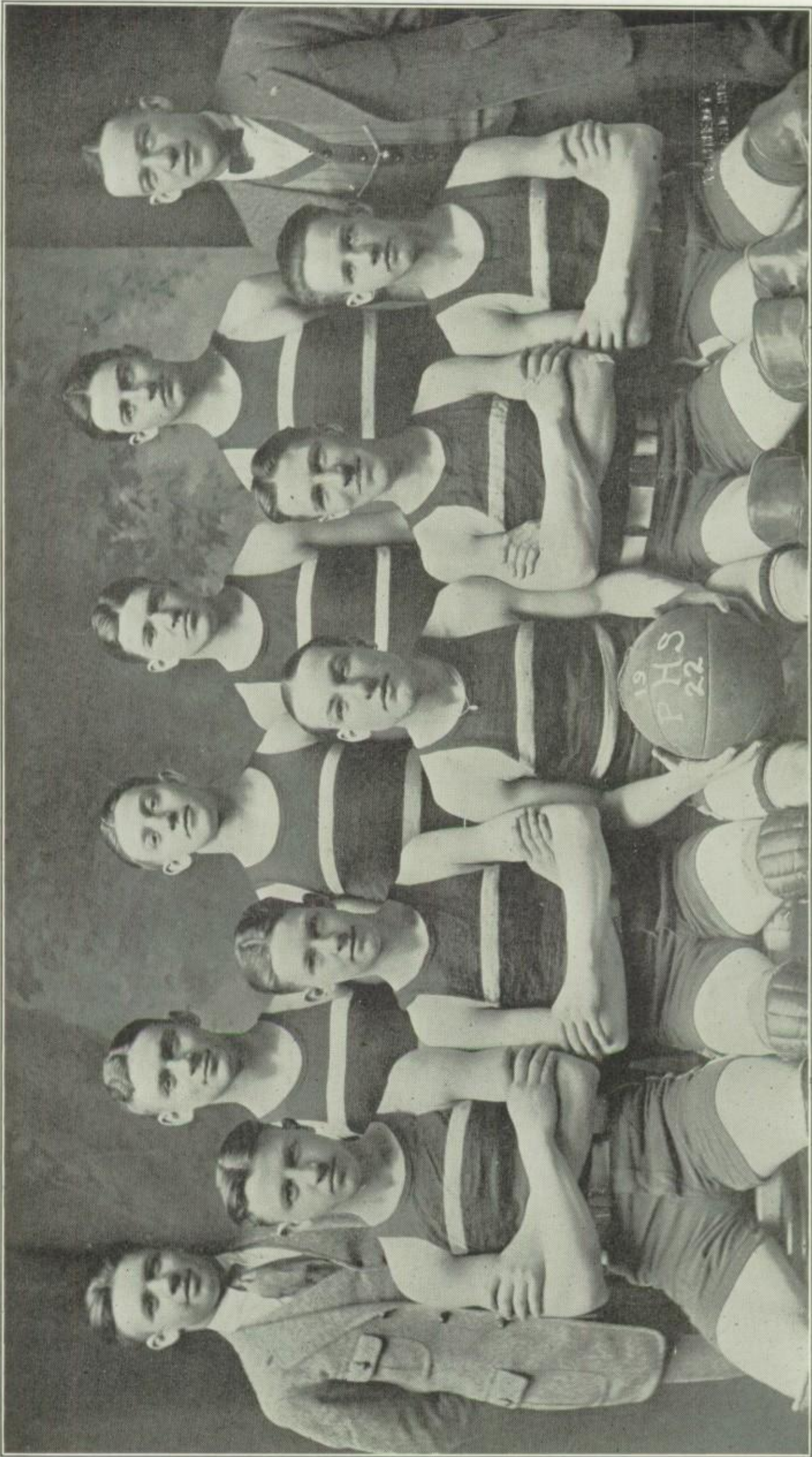
The tenth annual Bowdoin Meet and Relay Carnival was held March 4th, at Brunswick, whither Coach Preti took a team of thirty men, composed of Capt. Harris, O. Harris, Campbell, Cushing, Cohen, Castner, Black, Currie, Trefrey, Doughty, Mullin, Wakefield, Mosley, Boland, Crandon, H. Temple, Deraney, Brown, McCarthy, McGee, Cederstrom, Hutchins, Cole, Cox, Fairweather, Etter, Lee, Powers, Ela, and Hobson, accompanied by Manager Mooney and Assistant Manager Mangum. The team scored only three and a half points against the more experienced teams of Exeter and Huntington. Ela scored one and a half points in the pole vault and the relay team; Black, Castner, O. Harris, Capt. E. Harris, scored the other two points by defeating Edward Little.

The team ended the indoor season by swamping the Y. M. C. A., 58 to 28. The whole team performed well, and Ela and Campbell established new records in the pole-vault and broad jump. "Cap" Mosely tied the record in the high jump.

On the whole, the team has a wonderful record, due to the superb coaching of Mr. Preti, and, although the REVIEW went to press before the outdoor meets took place, we are sure that the team will better its record this spring and probably annex the State championship.

Arah Richmond, the captain of the team, was injured early in the season to such an extent that he was forced to withdraw from school and track. On account of his zeal for Portland High he was forced to lose almost a year of school work. Such school spirit should be appreciated by the students. To take his place, Elery Harris was elected captain.





SQUAD

DONALD FLAVIN, Capt.
BART FLAHERTY
JIMMIE FAY
GENE MAHONEY
CHARLIE ETTINGER
OSCAR AGGER

FRANK CUMMINGS, Mgr.
ALPHIN GOULD
FRANCIS McTIGUE
JOE WARD
HAROLD FRAZIER
RED SHURR

RECORD

Jan. 7. Portland 34, Alumni 33.
Jan. 11. Portland 14, So. Portland 23.
Jan. 21. Portland 15, Deering 12.
Jan. 25. Portland 33, Abbott 17.
Feb. 3. Portland 16, Bangor 56.
Feb. 11. Portland 14, Bangor 34.
Feb. 15. Portland 20, Edward Little 49.

Feb. 18. Portland 24, Deering 9.
Mar. 3. Portland 32, Edward Little 26.
Mar. 11. Portland 26, Port. Boys' Club 13.
Mar. 17. Portland 12, Cony 27.
Mar. 25. Portland 29, Morse 19.
Mar. 31. Portland 29, Morse 14.

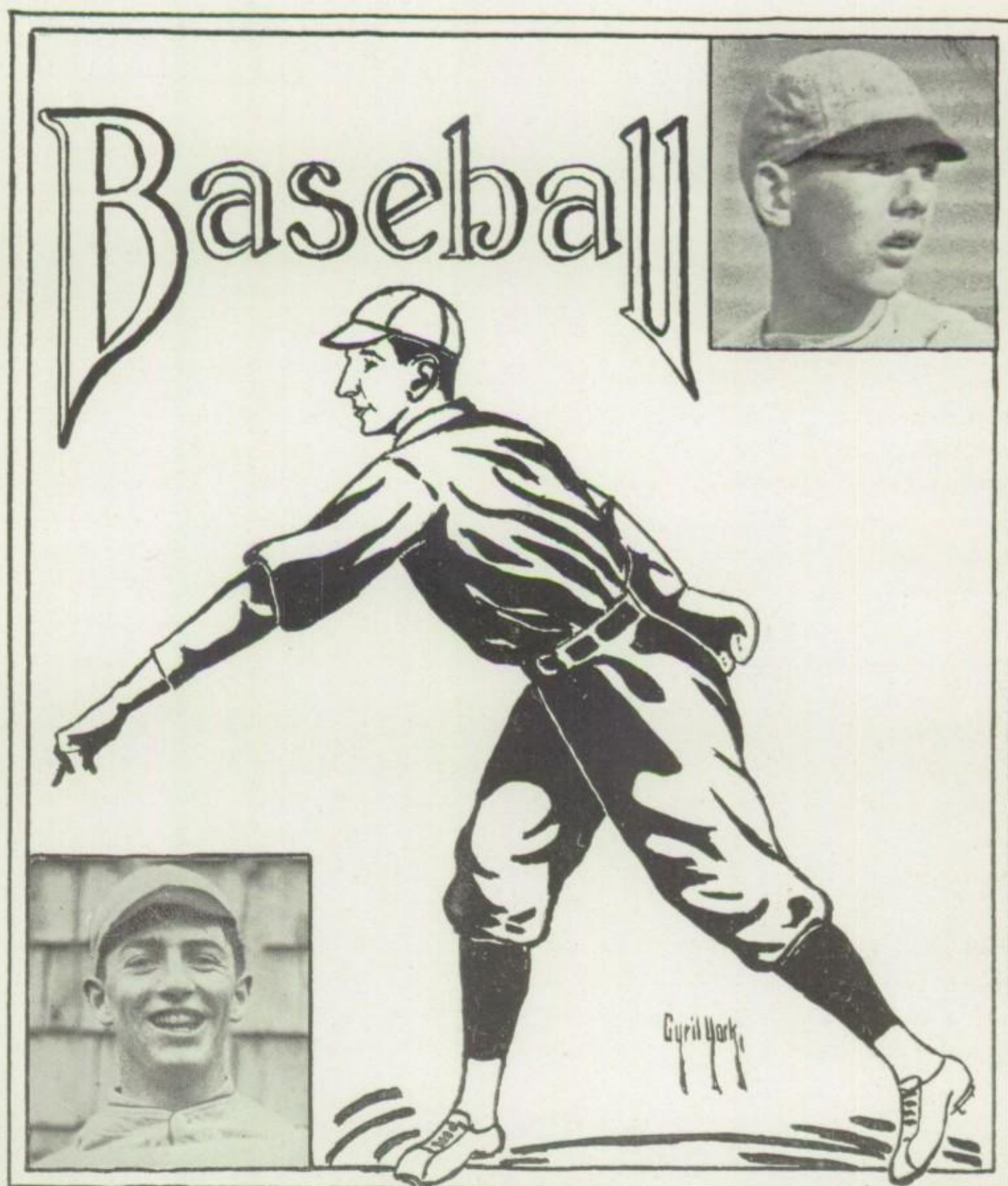
BOYS' BASKET-BALL

IN 1922 basket-ball, Portland had but a fair season as far as victories are concerned. The Wearers of the Blue won eight of the thirteen games that they played against the strongest high schools in the State. However, the results should not be measured by scores alone, but by what has been accomplished with the material at hand. It must be remembered that at the beginning of the season the system that had been in vogue for the past few years was changed by the coming to Portland of a new basket-ball coach, James J. Fitzpatrick. As the season progressed, the boys became accustomed to this style of playing, and in another year, with the advantage of veterans schooled in such methods, should have a point-winning team.

Portland started the season well under the new coach by defeating by one point, a quintet composed of alumni. The first test came the following week when Portland went down to defeat by a score of 23 to 13 at the hands of South Portland. It was a remarkable game, and one in which the playing of the Blue was noticeably strong against the veteran team from across the harbor that was later hailed as the champion basket-ball team of Maine. The next week Portland defeated her old rival, Deering, 15 to 12, and followed up this victory by turning back Abbott School of Farmington. Portland struck a slump on the following Saturdays, and dropped two games to Bangor, the first, 56 to 16; the second, 34 to 14. Another game was lost at Auburn, to Edward Little, 49 to 20. Then Portland staged a come-back, and won three games in succession, over Deering, Edward Little, and the Portland Boys' Club. The most notable of these victories was that over Edward Little, when by remarkable playing, the Blue won over the team that had previously defeated them by an overwhelming score. Following the Boys' Club game, Portland was defeated by Cony at Augusta, 27 to 13. Portland finished the season in a blaze of glory. The Blue scored two of her greatest victories of the year by defeating Morse High School, of Bath. Morse came to Portland for the first game heralded as one of the strongest teams in the State, but Portland won a great victory in the local gymnasium, and the next week at Bath showed that the victory won here was not by luck nor the fact that the Bath outfit was playing on a foreign surface. The first of these games was won by a score of 24 to 19, and the second 29 to 14.

Portland started the season with four veterans: Captain Donald Flavin, Manager, Frank Cummings, Bart Flaherty, and Alphin Gould. After the first few games, Frank Cummings was obliged to quit because of illness. Two other losses came when Bart Flaherty was declared ineligible on account of the age limit, and Francis McTigue left school. Yet, in spite of these losses, and with a new system, Portland won a majority of her games, and the new method of coaching surely augurs well for another season.

Much credit is due Coach Fitzpatrick, yet the men upon whom success really depends are the players themselves. Without the co-operation of the students, also, both in victory and in defeat, no team could call a season successful, but this year, as always, the Portland team was loyally backed by students and alumni.



SQUAD

EUGENE MAHONEY
LOUIS GLIDDEN
HERBERT POWERS
FRANCIS McFARLAND
RUSSELL SCRIBNER
WILLIAM KILEY

ARNOLD ARLOCK
OMAR HARRIS
JOHN HANLON
JOSEPH WARD
DAVID SCHWARTZ

RECORD

Portland 10, Catholic High 5.
Portland 1, Westbrook High 4.
Portland 4, Westbrook Seminary 2.
Portland 5, Cony 7.
So. Portland.
Biddeford.
Deering.
Westbrook High.

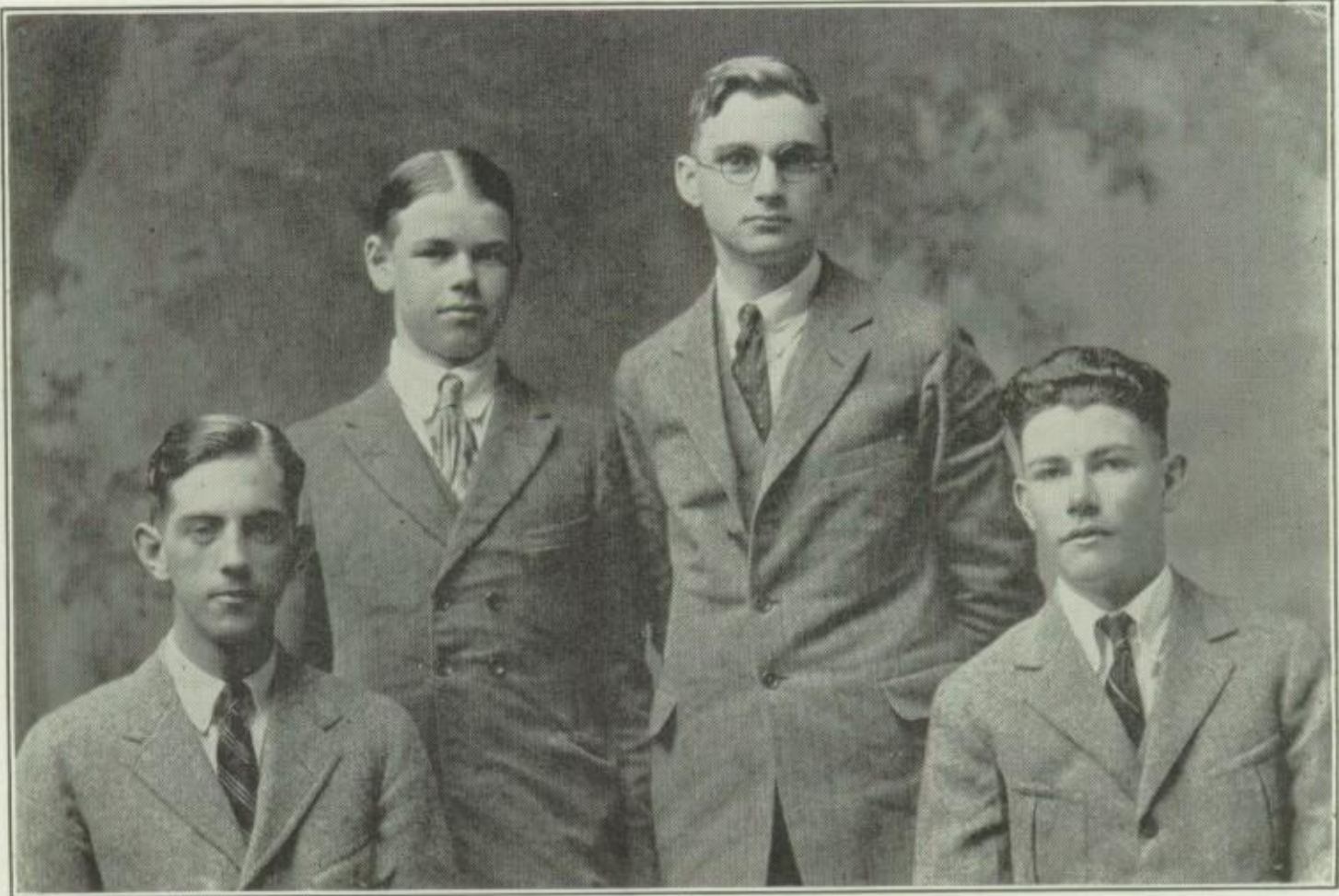
So. Portland.
Catholic High.
Hebron Academy.
Edward Little.
Westbrook Seminary.
Deering.
Biddeford.
Edward Little.

BASEBALL

WITH the idea in mind that they must win the Sunday Telegram race, for it has been the custom of the Portland High School baseball teams to win the cup offered by the Sunday Telegram since the league was first started, the team started the season successfully, and at the time when this article was written, they were tied for first place. With Captain Eugene Mahoney, William Kiley, Louis Glidden, Joseph Ward, Herbert Powers, Francis McFarland, Omah Harris, and Russell Scribner as a nucleus, Coach Fitzpatrick had only to develop a good pitcher in order to have a winning aggregation. As no task is too hard for Coach Fitzpatrick, he developed a wonderful pitcher in Arnold "Nick" Arlock and good pitchers in Schwartz, Bird, White, "Gummy" Flynn, and "Porky" Flynn.

On Patriots' Day, Portland opened the season by defeating Catholic High 10 to 5. Although the Catholic High boys fought hard to defeat Portland High, it was useless against the superior playing of the Portland team. One of the greatest surprises of the season came on April 22 when Westbrook High School, winner of the booby prize in last year's pennant race and rated as probable winner of it this year, clearly and decisively defeated Portland High School, last year's winner and this year's probable winner. In order to show the school and the public that they could still play ball, the Portland team defeated Westbrook Seminary, one of the best teams in the league, in a hard fought battle, 4 to 2. Arlock, the Portland pitcher, played a wonderful game, fanning 10 of the Seminary players and letting only one man walk. The rest of the team played exceedingly well and gave support to their pitcher by allowing only two runs to be scored. On April 29 Portland played its first game outside of the league, when it was defeated by Cony High at Augusta.

Although the season has not ended, the team is likely to win the cup if they keep on playing the wonderful brand of baseball that they have played so far, and under the eagle eye of Coach "Jimmie" Fitzpatrick, they should win it.



TENNIS

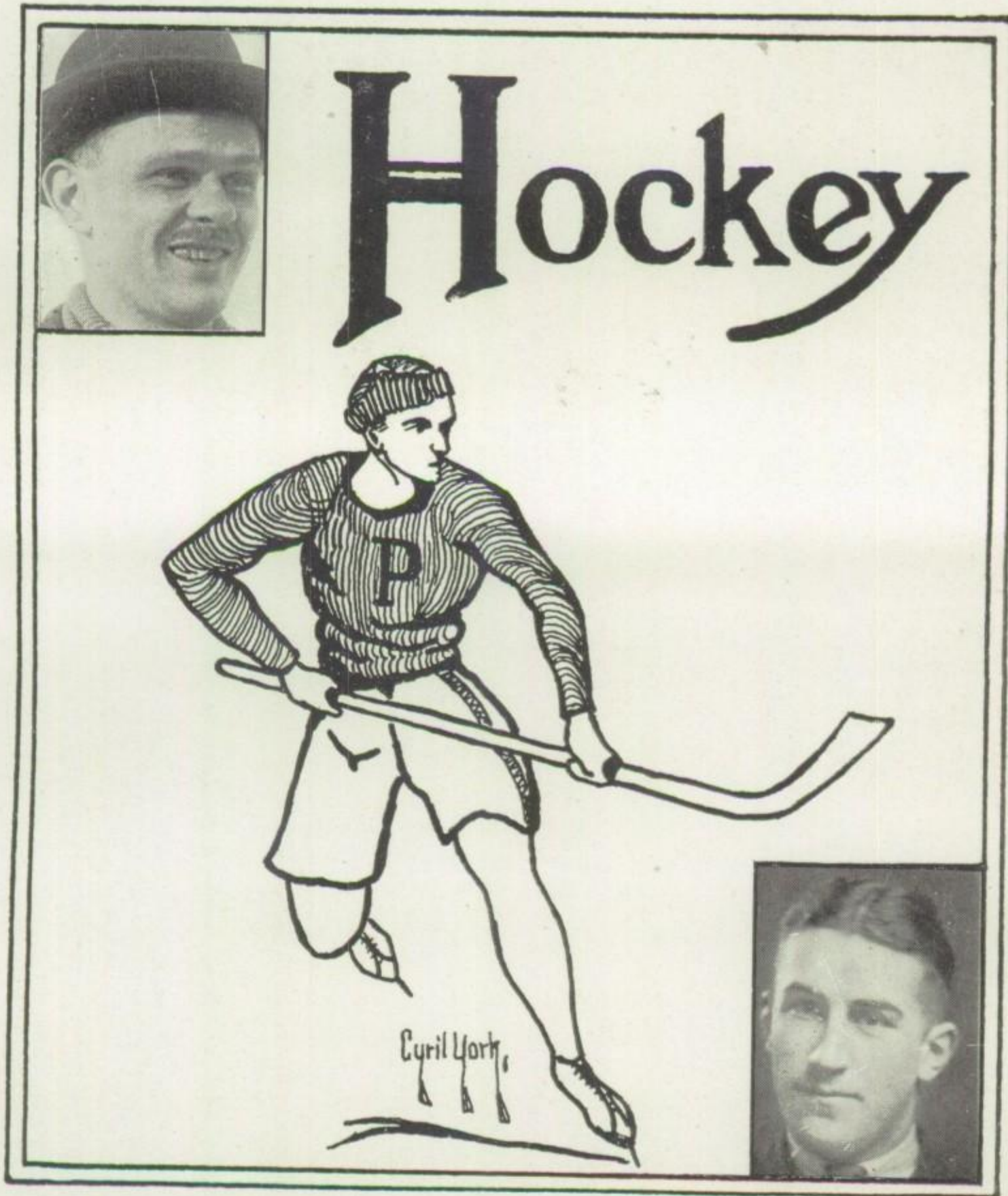
LAST year Portland High School sent a tennis team to Bowdoin that showed that our school could turn out winners in tennis just as in other sports. In spite of a late start this year, a team was selected to participate in the Bowdoin Interscholastic Tennis Tournament.

Robert Frothingham was the only veteran left from last year's team. But the other three men were picked only after keen competition. They were, indeed, picked men. Frothingham and Ira Foss represented school in the singles matches, while Kenneth Cushman and Edward Tolman made up the doubles team.

The doubles team met and defeated decisively the Gardiner High School team, 6-0, 6-0, but went down in defeat before the more experienced players from Hebron, 4-6, 3-6, who later won the tournament.

Robert Frothingham played two players from Edward Little High. He defeated one of them, 6-3, 9-7, but was beaten by the other Edward Little man, 2-6, 2-6.

Ira Foss, playing against Gardiner High, defeated his opponent, 6-1, 6-0. After a stiff fight, he was beaten by Cony's crack player, 4-6, 4-6.





HOCKEY

THE Hockey team maintained and even bettered the high reputation which it established last year as a new sport in this school. A victory over Deering, and double victories over Cornish and Westbrook Seminary, without one defeat, mark the 1922 Hockey season as eminently successful. With Captain Lilly, Manager Howarth, Fickett, Bowker, and Tarbox as a nucleus, Coach Perkins moulded a team of unusually consistent defensive power, and with an offense generally effective and oftentimes brilliant.

The North Conway Winter Carnival was held January 28th, at North Conway, N. H. Coach Perkins took his undefeated proteges to meet their old rival, Deering. The Portland team outplayed them in every department of the game, and the result was a shut-out for Deering to 3 for Portland. As a result of this victory, the hockey team brought back to the school a cup which will remain as a remembrance of Coach Perkins and his undefeated 1922 Hockey Team.

SQUAD

KENNETH LILLY, Capt.
WALLACE HOWARTH, Mgr.
EVERETT FICKETT
ARTHUR ROBINSON
JOHN McTIGUE
WILLIAM TRUE
ARTHUR HERN
PHILIP BIRD

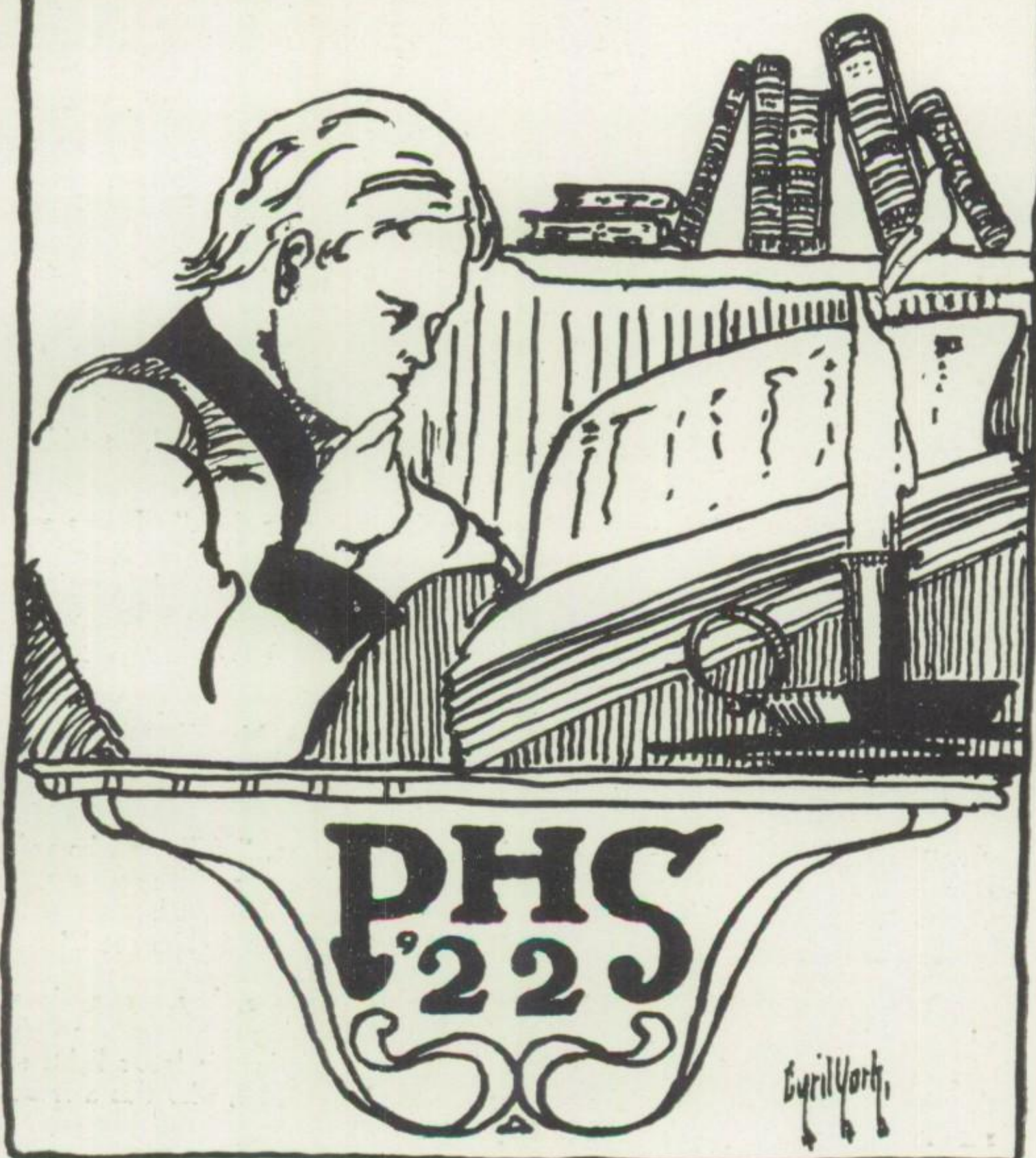
HERBERT TARBOX, Capt-elect.
RALPH BOWKER, Mgr.-elect
EDWARD THORNE
JOHN HANLON
THOMAS HILES
ROY COOPER
SHIRLEY DORR
WALLACE DEMMONS

RECORD

Portland 3, Cornish 2.
Portland 1, Westbrook Seminary 0.
Portland 3, Deering 0.

Portland 2, Westbrook Seminary 0.
Portland 3, Cornish 0.

Literature



A TRIP TO PARADISE---ALMOST

Henry Welch, '23.

I.

PHILIP Trafton's step was extraordinarily brisk as he came up the walk of his home on that hot July day. Men and women turned to stare at him and wonder what had got into this coming generation.

"Here it is," commented one old fellow, "with the temperature ninety-one in the shade and so hot in the sun that you could boil eggs on the sidewalk, and there's that kid hurrying along so fast that you'd think he'd freeze to death if he stopped a minute." Others voiced the same opinion only in slightly different words.

But Phil was oblivious to everything going on around him. His mind was on one thing and he was walking fast to keep pace with his thoughts. But it was a losing race. It was almost impossible for his physical and mental selves to keep within sight of one another. This was a case in which his thoughts were literally running away with him, for he was ready to break into a run when he came in sight of his house. He hurried up the walk and into the house. His mother saw him from an upper window, and wondered what could be of such importance as to make her son hurry so. She hastened downstairs to meet him.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed when she saw him, "your face is streaming with perspiration, Phil. What have you been doing?"

The words of his mother aroused him from his reverie, and, for the first time, he was aware of the fact that he was hot.

"Mother," he began joyfully, "Uncle Stanley is going to take me up in his airplane tomorrow. He is going to call for me in his car at nine o'clock."

Then, seeing she did not look as glad as he thought she should, he added, suppliantly, "You'll let me go, won't you, mother?"

"Wait until your father comes home, we'll talk it over then." It was evident that Mrs. Trafton feared that some accident would befall her son if he took this trip. Phil had to be contented with this reply, so he decided to wait as patiently as possible until his father came in. In the meantime, he went upstairs to better his personal appearance, which certainly was not very imposing after his recent exertion.

About an hour later, when Mr. Trafton came home, his wife told him of Phil's intention and endeavored to induce him to forbid his son's taking the air voyage.

"Don't worry, my dear," answered the elder Trafton, "Philip will be safe enough with Stanley. Anyone who could go through the war with seven enemy planes to his credit, and not receive even a scratch, certainly must know how to handle his machine. We'll let Phil go if he wants to. It will do him good."

When the rest of the family heard of Phil's good fortune, they were envious, of course, but they tried to pass it off as if such a trivial thing as an airplane flight was nothing in their lives. They desired Phil to see it in this latter light, so they began joking him about the coming event. But to Phil, who was a freshman in high school, "joking" was a daily experience.

He tried to pass the evening by reading, but it was impossible. His thoughts would always revert to the event which was to take place on the morrow. He was just about to close the book when his two older brothers, Robert and Roy, entered the room, the former holding an empty bottle in his hand.

"Will you please do a favor for me tomorrow, Phil?" asked Robert.

"Sure," replied his unsuspecting brother, "what is it?"

"I heard that the air is quite cool five or ten thousand feet up," explained Robert, "so I wondered if you would be kind enough to collect a bottle of it for me. It would come in quite handy this kind of weather. Here is the stopper, too."

"Oh, by all means, don't forget the stopper," supplemented Roy, quite seriously.

This was too much for Phil, especially at this time, and, unthinkingly, he let his book fly at Robert. He no doubt intended to have said book collide with some part of his brother's anatomy, but his aim must have been poor, for the missile failed to hit its mark. It did the next best thing, though, and hit the bottle, which was speedily decomposed into several hundred particles that hastily betook themselves to all parts of the room and afterward gave Robert a back-breaking task in the collection thereof.

Just as the book left his hand, Phil realized his mistake. He also realized that a hasty departure was the most opportune thing he could do. He immediately darted for the door. In doing so, he was forced to pass his brothers, who were standing between him and that exit. Robert stood staring at the neck of the bottle, which he held in his hand, so there was no interference from him. But Roy had recovered from his momentary surprise. He quickly thrust his foot forward, thinking to trip Phil. That wary one, however, was not to be caught napping. As he passed Roy, Phil let his foot come down on his brother's with as much force as he could muster. At the same time, he found himself wondering if Roy had any corns. By the yell that unfortunate one let out, Phil joyfully judged that his brother must have a full-grown corn on each of his five toes.

Phil rushed up to his room and, although it was not yet nine o'clock, he hastily prepared to retire. But when he was once in bed, he could not go to sleep. After about two hours of tossing about, he finally dozed off.

II.

The next morning he got up with the proposed flight the sole object of his thoughts. He vaguely went through the process of dressing, and ate his breakfast scarcely knowing what he was masticating. At eight-thirty he was waiting for nine o'clock to come around. What made the clock so slow this morning? Phil could have sworn that was the longest half-hour he had ever spent in his life. But all things must come to an end sometime, and this was no exception. Promptly at nine o'clock, Stanley Trafton's car stopped before the house, and Phil got in.

On the way, Stanley kept up a steady flow of talk, but Phil hardly heard him. In a few minutes, however, they arrived at the flying ground. There were about a dozen planes quartered at the field. Several of the machines had been swung out of the hangar and mechanics were busily engaged in working about

them. Stanley drove the car into a corner of the field, where they got out. Together they walked over to one of the airplanes, and Stanley greeted the mechanic working on it.

"That's 'Silver Tip'," observed its owner. "What do you think of her, Phil?"

"She's a beauty, all right," answered the freshman, gazing at the huge bird with delight. It was certainly graceful and bird-like. Its tail was painted silvery white in accordance with its name.

"Let's go in and get on our suits," said Stanley, leading his nephew toward the hangar. Here they donned their flying uniforms. Phil wore a comfortable leather suit with a firm, cozy helmet of the same material, lined with soft, warm wool. It had slits for his eyes and small apertures for breathing. His gloves were of wool-lined leather.

After attiring themselves completely, they walked out to the plane and climbed into the cockpit. The mechanic had just finished tuning up the plane. When Stanley gave him the starting signal, he gave the propeller a quick half-turn. Off she went with a roar.

"That's the way to do it," shouted Stanley above the din of the motor. "Every cylinder is hitting perfectly."

A quick rush and a turn headed them into the wind. They ran along the ground about a hundred yards before the propeller gained sufficient speed to lift the machine off the ground. Once in the air, they climbed rapidly and steadily, Phil, all the while, experiencing an uncomfortable sensation in the pit of his stomach. If you have ever stepped into the elevator in a high building, and have been whizzed from the first to the top floor without a stop, you have probably had a sensation similar to Phil's, only his was infinitely worse.

About three thousand feet up, Stanley straightened out the plane, and for a quarter of an hour they cruised around above the city. It was impossible to hold any conversation on account of the noise of the engine. Phil had got over his first scare, and now he was admiring the sights on all sides of him. How queer his city appeared from above! The checkerboard of streets below him looked like narrow, white ribbons running criss-cross. The tiny black dots moving hither and thither were the people. And how much cooler it was up here than down below where the heat of the stifling, summer days was almost unendurable. Phil told himself that when he was a few years older, he would buy an aeroplane. Then, during the hot days, he would spend as much time as possible flying about in this cooler region.

Suddenly he felt himself slipping sideways. He looked downward, but he couldn't see the city. What was the matter? He seemed to be turning around and around. Now he was gazing at the empty sky and now he was looking at the ground below. And so it kept on. He was growing dizzy with constant revolving. Phil did not have to be told that they were speedily approaching the earth, because every succeeding time he could catch a glimpse of it, it seemed nearer. He vaguely saw Stanley manipulating the levers with an expression of despair and consternation on his face. Something must have gone wrong with the machine. Then all of a sudden his mind reverted to the evening before. His mother had feared that such an accident might befall him, and now it seemed

as though her woman's intuition had forewarned her. How he wished now that he had obeyed her wishes. He swore that if he ever, by any miracle, escaped from his present peril, he would never put his foot into an airplane again as long as he lived.

All the while the earth was swiftly drawing nearer. Now he noticed the crowds beginning to collect beneath him. The plane had stopped revolving and was falling in a nose-dive which seemed liable to end in the loss of their lives. He wondered what he and Stanley would look like after the crash. He shuddered to think how his mother would appear when she received his mangled remains.

He thought of jumping just before they struck, but when he attempted to stand up, he found that he was firmly strapped to his seat. That was one of Stanley's measures of protection that was now proving to be an instrument of destruction.

By this time they were about two hundred feet above the earth; now 150,—100,—75,—50,—25—Crash!

III.

Philip Trafton awoke with a start and gazed wonderingly about him. Where was the airplane? Where was the crowd? Where was Stanley? He couldn't see any of them. Had he been saved after all? He felt the different parts of his body and was astonished to discover that he was quite whole. He was all right except that he had a terrible, throbbing sensation in his head. (Yes, you've guessed the crashing connection: Phil's head versus the wall.) He now began to look around him. Was that his own bed? Yes, sure enough, it was. The only curious thing about it was that its usual occupant was not in it. He was lying on the floor a dozen feet from his customary place of repose. His head was touching the wall and—ah, that accounted for the crash. And, oh, yes, his body was also touching that unyielding surface whose inflexibility his cranium had unconsciously contested and whose hardness it could now ruefully vouch for.

"So it was a horrible dream," mused Phil. "But, oh, how realistic it was!"

* * * * *

Three quarters of an hour later, or, to be more definite, at eight-thirty, Phil made his way downstairs to his mother.

"Mother," he said, "when Uncle Stanley comes, tell him I'm sick and won't be able to go flying with him to-day."

Phil was certainly starting out well in his resolution to stick to terra firma.

THE SPELL OF ANTIQUES

Teresa McCormack, '23.

CWILIGHT was falling fast and the fog grew denser and enveloped everything with a damp miserableness. As I shivered under my long coat, I thought of Mother sitting before the warm fire of our comfortable suite in an uptown hotel, but I did not envy her, nor would I have changed places for worlds. I had not mentioned Limehouse to Mother, or I should not now have been walking alone through the narrow, crooked streets of that place. Mother detests the slums. Yet that section of London known as Limehouse holds some peculiar attraction for me. An air of mystery, increased by the fog, fills the place, and adventure lurks in every doorway and around each corner. And its people, who slink by with a queer, haunted expression in their eyes, fascinate me.

As I walked slowly along, a window of an old shop in which the lamps were just being lighted attracted my attention, so I opened the door and stepped inside. The warmth of the place felt good after the uncomfortable drizzle outside. I stood looking about me at the various assortments of antiques and Chinese curios. I wandered about, many vastly interesting objects of all ages, from all countries, claiming my attention. Finally my eyes lighted upon a tiny oval box not more than three inches long and about one and one-half inches deep. It was of polished lacquer, with an inlay design of cherry blossoms of the most exquisite workmanship. As I picked it up to examine it more closely, the old Chinaman whom I had noticed humped up on a stool in the rear of the shop suddenly put down his long pipe and slowly pattered up to me.

"It is beautiful, is it not?" He spoke in faultless English, but with a strange, foreign accent.

"Very," I answered. "How much is it?" He must have known that I was an American, as he answered, "Five pounds."

It seemed an enormous price for such a small object, and I believe he noticed my look of surprise, as he said, "It is a very rare antique, having taken the most skillful workman many years to complete the design, and the embroidery of the lining is the finest of hand work." He pressed a spring and the cover flew open, disclosing a lining of the purest silk, of a rich cream color, embroidered in the most delicate tints. It was indeed beautiful, and a faint odor of a most delightful sort reached my nostrils. It made me think of a moonlit-garden in Japan, full of roses and cherry trees heavily laden with sweet smelling blossoms, a gurgling brook and an arched, fairy-like bridge of carved lacquer.

I was suddenly awakened from my reverie by the Chinaman, who was saying: "There is a sort of legend connected with this box. Would you be interested to have me tell it?"

"Oh, indeed I would!" I answered.

"An old magician once gave a beautiful queen this little box, and in it was an enchanted ring. It was supposed to bring good luck to one who placed it upon his finger, even for a few seconds. So people came from far and near to place the magic ring upon their fingers. And the people loved their queen and thought that fortune favored them because she wore the ring. Then one morning the queen, who slept with it in this box under her pillow, awoke to find the box empty.

An alarm was sent through the country and an immense reward was offered to him who should return it. The poor, unfortunate queen implored the gods whom she worshipped to aid her in finding the missing ring, but its hiding place was never found, and the unhappy queen was banished from the country. It was then decreed that whosoever should be found wearing the ring should rule the country."

"And what was it like?" I asked.

"A rather huge thing for a ring," he answered, "nearly an inch square. The surface was dark blue enamel, with a row of the tiniest pearls around the outside edge and in the center the Japanese characters "Love." It was not a particularly valuable ring, but—"

"Why—why, LOOK!" I almost shouted as I tore off my glove and held out my hand to him. "Look!" I said again, so amazed I could hardly breathe. For there, on the little finger of my right hand, was the exact counterpart of the ring he had described.

"Where did you get that?" His eyes were bulging, and his voice was hardly more than a whisper. "A friend of mine picked it up in a curio shop in Tokio and brought it back to America for me."

But I had hardly finished when he was on his knees, bowing profoundly, saying at the same time, with his arms outstretched, "Ah, it is the ring of good luck!" After repeating this performance three times, he arose and, taking a small stiletto, he thrust it between two of the pearls. Instantly the top sprang open, revealing the enclosure to be about a quarter of an inch deep and filled with a brown colored powder. He struck a match and held it near the powder. Immediately a sickishly sweet odor arose and seemed to fill the room. I became very drowsy, and suddenly I was not in the little old shop with a Chinaman beside me, but in a massive temple with marvelously carved walls and floor polished like a mirror. At one end was a great black image of Buddha with a huge bowl of burning incense on either side, filling the place with that same sweetish smell. Soon a slender, beautiful girl with shining masses of black hair and dressed in flowing white robes, glided across the polished floor. She was very pale and trembling, and when she neared the foot of the image, she fell prostrate before it, great sobs shaking her body. And I knew that she was the queen of the legend.

Then the picture faded and I was back in the shop. As I opened my eyes I gazed straight into the yellow slits of the eyes of the man before me. There was a fiendish glow between those slits, and he was moving nearer to me, murmuring, "You are my Queen. I will marry you and take you home to rule the people who belong to you." Suddenly my hand went up and I struck him a stinging blow in the face. Then I ran out into the night and the fog closed in about me, but even before I turned the first corner, I heard the horrible, unearthly scream of a man I knew must be mad. I jumped into a cab, and reached my hotel still frightened, but my composure somewhat regained. As I entered the lobby, a young man jumped up and came toward me.

"Where on earth have you been, Anne?" he asked me. "I have waited hours and your mother is worried half to death."

"Limehouse, Ted," and I laughed at him. Ted is the man I'm going to marry and the friend who gave me the ring.

"Limehouse! Good Lord, Anne! The worst place on earth, and alone, what were you thinking of? You might have been kidnapped, or anything might have happened to you."

"I know, but I didn't, and I had a thrilling adventure, besides. Wait till you hear it."

Mother raged and wept by turns when she heard where I'd been, but, after promising faithfully that I'd never go there again alone, I told them what had happened. Both she and Ted were immensely interested, though at first it was hard to make them believe it all.

Sometimes I wonder myself if it were not all a dream, but I always have the ring and the little lacquer case which I had in my hand when I had fled from the place to remind me that it was an amazing reality.



SCHOOL AS SOME PUPILS WOULD LIKE IT

Sara Israelson, '22.

SCHOOL would not be a bugbear to so many pupils if, for instance, the daily session began at about ten o'clock, had very short periods, among which would be a rest period (which the average pupil needs), a recreation period, a study period, a lunch period, and perhaps the other periods could be used for studies. Of course, studies should not overwork the student. School would be over at twelve and the school week would consist of only four days. Every morning there would be an assembly that would take at least two periods.

Every seat room would be equipped with cafeteria service, so that pupils would not have to exert themselves by going downstairs to the lunch room. There would be a rest room adjoining every seat room in which pupils could rest whenever they should wish to do so, which would be very often.

There would be elevators in every part of the building, because some pupils find it so exhausting to climb the stairs. During the recreation periods the school would provide some sort of entertainment to amuse the students. The school would also provide airplane service for all pupils who might wish to avail themselves of it. If a pupil should happen to be late, it would not be necessary to go to the office and go through a long examination. Late slips would be given to each pupil every Monday morning so that he would be sure to have a supply in advance. All teachers should be compelled to take a course in amusing pupils before they are allowed to teach.

If schools were run on this plan, every city would find it necessary to build a new high school and several elementary schools, for within a few months colleges and high schools would be crowded, and what an intellectual country we should have!

TWENTY TO ONE

Arthur M. Waterman, '23.

CHE country banker and the ex-jockey pushed through the crowd out to the edge of the betting-ring. The little fellow looked around him cautiously, pulled nervously at the collar of his red and black jersey, and whispered, "I'm bettin' it for the boy that's goin' to ride the favorite."

Mr. Denby did not understand.

"But the favorite isn't a 20 to 1 shot," he protested, displaying about all the racing information he knew.

"Huh!" With an air of superiority, the other hitched up his trousers. "The favorite ain't goin' to win. His jockey's goin' to pull him, and let this good thing beat him, see? It's a frame-up."

He paused, to let the plot sink into Mr. Denby's mind, then continued: "The pony that'll win the Derby is—" He stopped tantalizingly. "I don't think I better tell you."

"Yes, yes. Tell me!"

"Well, it's—uh—Angeline," he said, as though parting with a soul secret. Silas Denby hastily consulted his program.

"If the jockey hears that I told you, he'll be rippin'," went on the diplomatic young man. "I expect the best way is to put down a little bet on him yourself."

Mr. Denby was still studying the program.

"And if it would be all right with you, I'd like to borrow twenty to bet on him myself. I'll pay you back as soon as I cash in."

"Certainly." The banker's hands trembled with excitement as he drew out his wallet, opened it, and handed the jockey two twenty dollar bills.

The two men separated, and, following the "tout's" instructions, Mr. Denby fought his way to the nearest bookmaker. He returned with a little card, on which was scribbled: Ang; 1000-50.

The president of the Mayview Trust Co. hurried out to the paddock to see Angeline, the horse that was to win him \$1000.00.

Angeline was not a particularly prepossessing animal. A large crowd was around the favorite, Defender, who was in a stall near San Glen, the "second choice." He joined the crowd and watched the trainers work on the thoroughbreds.

"Who do you like?" asked a man who wore a large diamond in his tie.

"Beg pardon? Oh, yes; why, I'm not an expert," answered the banker, non-committally. "Which do you think will win?"

"I can't see anything but San Glen. No horse but the favorite can finish within a furlong of her." He idly snapped his light cane against his right leg.

Mr. Denby's eyes opened.

"How about Angeline?" he asked, nervously.

The stranger grunted contemptuously.

"That dog? She'll be lucky if they don't have to stop her at the half-mile to clear the track for the next race. If I'm going to see this, I'd better get a seat. Going up to the stand? Lend me your glasses and I'll call them off to you. I know most of the colors. Swett is my name—I'm with the Gulf route."

He fairly seized Mr. Denby and hurried him off through the crowd into the grandstand.

"Who'd you play," asked Mr. Swett, after they had taken their seats. He had taken possession of the glasses and was drawing them from the case.

"Angeline," admitted Mr. Denby.

Mr. Swett's smile was one of indulgent superiority. "I wouldn't trade a cigar for your ticket," he said.

"But I know that she can't—"

He stopped. He had almost told a secret. He took the ticket out of his pocket and looked at it reflectively.

Suddenly it dawned on him what he had done. He gasped. He, Silas Denby, president of the Mayview Trust Co., had bet \$50 on a fixed race! He was as much a robber as though he had broken into the bookmaker's safe and stolen \$1000.00. Suppose the home town newspapers should discover what he had done. He would never be able to face his fellow citizens again. It would be a lifelong disgrace.

"I'll be right back. Hold my seat." He jumped up and rushed to the betting-ring. Before he reached the bookmaker who had his bet, the bugle blew, calling the horses to the post.

"Take back this bet," he shouted to the bookmaker, thrusting the ticket into his hand.

"What's this?—Oh, nothin' doin'. We can't take bets back. Besides, the race is startin'." He dismissed the banker by handing back the ticket.

"But—," began Mr. Denby.

"Noth-ing do-ing, I said," the bookmaker answered, with a decisive wave of his bediamonded hand. He picked up his glasses and began to look at the horses.

"I'll go back and tell Swett about it, maybe he can get me out of it," Denby thought. But before he reached the grandstand, he had decided to say nothing about it.

"Perhaps Angeline will lose," he argued, "and then there will be no trouble."

"Just in time," was Mr. Swett's greeting, "I was afraid that you had been lost."

He continued inspecting the horses with the glasses. Thus occupied, he did not notice that the banker was worried.

Silas Jacob Denby was worried. Not because he was afraid Angeline would lose, but because he was terribly afraid she would win. Too soon for the banker the cry went up: "They're off!"

Nine horses dashed under the barrier. A groan came from the crowd as it was seen that Defender, the favorite, was the last to get away. San Glen was way up in front.

Everyone was standing up. Swett, looking through the glasses, mumbled, intensely. "Go on, you—Defender."

Mr. Denby, unable to see the numbers on the horses, pulling at Swett's sleeve, asked anxiously, "Where's Angeline?"

"I'll get 'em at the first quarter," was the answer. The pause that followed seemed an hour to Mr. Denby.

"Pugnacious in the lead. San Glen second. Mickey third. Can't find Angeline."

Mr. Denby peered at the bunch of flying horses that were rounding the turn, and as they started down the back stretch, vainly tried to single out the horse he had inspected at the paddock. They all looked alike.

"At the half," Mr. Swett called, excitedly, "Pugnacious, Arch, second, San Glen third—why don't that jockey get out of the bunch? There's your horse, back about sixth."

"Good, good," exulted Mr. Denby, nervously pounding his thigh with his fist.

"I said your horse is sixth."

"Yes, yes—fine." The banker, hopping about on his toes, was trying to pick out the sixth horse. He suddenly realized that he was not playing his part correctly. "I mean, your calling is fine. Go on."

"Look at 'em go!" Mr. Swett cried. "Come on, San! At the three-quarters. Go it! Go it! Oh, Lord, look at Angeline!"

"What's she doing?"

Look at her! Go it, San. Hit her! Hit her! Don't let that skate get you. Who's that, Defender? Look at the three of them, neck and neck!"

"Look at Angeline," cried the crowd as one man.

Mr. Denby's heart sank. "Where is she?" he gasped.

"Second," said Swett. "Come on, San Glen."

Mr. Denby could see the horse that was second. The first horse was closely trailed by the next two.

"How are they?" He rapidly snapped his fingers.

"Defender, Angeline, and San Glen. Come on, San!"

The banker's heart was pounding, it seemed to him, as loud as the hoofbeats of the racers. He saw the bunch come thundering down the home stretch. The crowd was a mass of yelling, waving lunatics, each one crying for his horse to "Come on."

Mr. Denby beat his fists together, for Angeline was holding her own. She was actually gaining. The plot was working. The jockey on the favorite would hold back his mount, and he, the president of the Mayview Trust Co., had bet \$50 on Angeline.

He was carried away with enthusiasm. "Come on, Defender," he shouted.

But Angeline was gaining fast. She was now close behind, now her nose was even with the favorite's. Both riders were fiercely applying their whips. San Glen was out of it and was fighting Pugnacious for place; Angeline still gained.

"Come on, Defender! Come on! Come on!! Come on!!" the banker frantically cried.

But Defender could not shake off Angeline. Neck and neck the two raced toward the tape. With one desperate blow Angeline's jockey forced her to a final leap that sent her under the wire, a winner by a head.

Mr. Denby sank back in his seat, exhausted. He had won dishonestly \$1000. His eyes fell on the judges' stand, where the jockeys were gathered. Suddenly he had an inspiration. The judges!

Mr. Swett was arguing with a new found friend and Mr. Denby left him without a word. He rushed to the judges' stand and started up the stairs. A policeman stopped him.

"What der you want?"

"I must see the judges. The race was dishonest."

"Aw, gw'an." The policeman was used to these complaints.

"But—"

"Gw'an, I said. Git!"

Mr. Denby got.

He was in deep despair. Perhaps he would have felt better if he had been able to hear this conversation, which took place at the rail just after the finish of the Derby:

"Well, I'll be darned," said a little fellow who wore a red-and-black-striped jersey.

"Was you bettin' on Defender, too?" asked his companion.

"Yes, and that ain't all. I touted a guy against Angeline. Told him the race was fixed, got forty, and then went and bet on Defender."

"The race was straight, wasn't it?"

"Sure thing. And think o' me broke, when I'd a been rich if I'd played my own tip. Gee! there's the guy now. So long."

Spike Mallon, for that was the name of the tout, ran up and stopped Mr. Denby, who was just leaving the judges' stand.

"Well, I doped it out right, didn't I?" was Spike's greeting.

"Yes, yes. Is there any suspicion?"

Spike wasn't slow-witted. He saw an opening and landed.

"Yes, there is. That's why I came to you. The judges are worried about the finish. It was raw, wasn't it? They're liable to hold up the tickets. Have you cashed yours?"

For an answer Mr. Denby drew out the ticket which was worth \$1050.00.

"You'd better cash it right away. Come on; let's get the coin."

Spike seized the banker's arm.

"No, no! I don't want it!"

"Well, let me get it for you, then," suggested Spike.

"Yes, take it," said the banker, gladly.

"ME to Chicago," thought Spike. He turned and bumped into Mr. Swett of the Gulf route.

"What's this?" he asked.

"This gentleman is going—he's—that is—"

"I'm goin' to cash his ticket for him," put in Spike, trying to pass.

Mr. Swett seemed to know the genus tout.

"I'll get it," he said, calmly, and he took the ticket out of the hand of the unresisting Mr. Mallon, who was greatly relieved to find Mr. Swett was not a detective.

"Get those seats, and I'll be there in a minute. I want to get a bet down on Speed, in the next race," Mr. Swett commanded. He turned and was lost in the crowd, while Denby looked for the ex-jockey, but he was gone.

Mr. Denby kept the seats during the next race and was worried when Swett failed to appear. He consulted the slate and found that Speed had come in second.

He turned to look for the representative of the Gulf route. He saw a policeman coming toward him. His heart jumped. The officer stopped and questioned several persons. One pointed toward him. He was attacked with a sudden desire to flee, but he sat still. The policeman came toward him.

"Is this Mr. Denby?" he asked, politely.

The affirmative answer was faint.

"Will you come with me a minute?"

Mr. Denby rose and accompanied the officer. Now he knew how it felt to be a criminal. Every eye seemed to be fastened on him. What would his business friends say? What would the newspapers say? He remembered the trial of one of his employees who had been convicted of robbing the bank. He imagined himself in the court-room; he heard the foreman of the jury announce, "Guilty."

The policeman guided him to a room under the grandstand. The two men entered, passed through rows of desks at which sat men who stared at them, and went into an office, in which stood Mr. Swett, beside another policeman.

"Do you know this man?" asked the officer, pointing to Mr. Swett.

"Why—er—yes. I've known him since this afternoon." Swett had betrayed him, he thought.

"I guess some of these articles are yours, all right. We found your name in a couple of them," said the officer, pointing to the table.

"Why—why—why, yes, why—they're all mine. My wallet, my diamond pin, my watch, and—what is this? I gave my ticket to Mr. Swett, and I thought he—"

"That was your ticket, was it? He collected the money, and then lost it all on Speed. We caught him going through the gate. We've been looking for him since that Commercial National forgery."

"Why, isn't this Mr. Swett, of the Gulf route?"

"Not much. This is Terry Galligan, confidence-man, forger, pickpocket, and wire-tapper. Here are your things. Here's his ticket on Speed—you may want it as a souvenir. Of course, you can't get your thousand dollars returned to you."

Mr. Denby gasped with joy. Not because he had recovered his valuables, but because he had lost the dishonest \$1000.00. He looked at the ticket.

Speed—\$5000—\$1000.

It felt good to be an honest man again.

THE RUSE THAT FAILED

Oscar Cox, '23.



HERE were seated in the library of the Seymour Club in London three old veterans of the Sepoy Rebellion, when I entered and seated myself in the huge divan by the side of Capt. Owen Morong, my father's old friend.

"Well, Marston, you are just in time to hear a good story. I have a wager with Warner that I can tell a better story than he can about something that happened to us while in India. He has already told his, which was very good, but I think I can tell a better one," said Capt. Morong, and continued:

"When the Sepoy rebellion first broke out in India I was in charge of one of the hill stations in the Punjab, where I had under my command a few English officers and a regiment of the 45th Native Infantry. We soon learned that our communications were completely cut off and that Nana Sahib, one of the rebel chiefs, would probably attempt to take the station, which was quite important, as it was so near Delhi. After a little consideration, I decided that it would be best to hold the town until re-enforcements could arrive.

To our surprise not a shot was heard during that day. This puzzled us very much, for we were almost sure that Nana Sahib was among the hills. Thinking that he was about to make an attack that night, I placed a double sentry on guard and returned to the officers' headquarters, where I discussed the situation with Young McDowell, the medical officer, whom I had already found to be a very good adviser. As no shots were heard at eleven o'clock, we decided to get a little rest, so we lay down in our clothes. All was quiet for a while, but at midnight we were both awakened by a horrible yell which sent a shiver down our backs. We both jumped to our feet instantly, and were about to go outside to find the cause of this commotion when one of the sentries, a native, burst into the room out of breath, and cried in a horror-stricken voice, 'Oh, Captain, the curse of Buddha is upon us. He has sent the firespitting cheetah (leopard) to drive us from Punjab.' After much trouble I quieted him down, and he explained to us that there was a tradition about Punjab that Buddha would send forth the firespitting cheetahs to drive the wrongful owners of the station out. This seemed to be an utter impossibility, but, as I knew the natives were very superstitious, I thought he had imagined he saw an apparition. I relieved him from guard for the night and told him to go to sleep, as I would attend to the affair.

However, nothing else happened that night or the next day. But the rumor of what the sentinel had seen was spreading through the camp like wildfire, and I soon learned that most of the natives knew this tradition. I convinced them that the sentinel must have been mistaken.

That night at twelve o'clock we were again awakened from our sleep by a terrible howl. We ran outdoors and soon found that we were not the only ones who had been awakened, for there in the center of the road was a crowd of

soldiers, and in the midst were two of the sentinels excitedly telling a story similar to the one the other guard had told us. We soon dispersed them and told them that we would decide what we should do the next day.

The remainder of the night Young McDowell and I walked the outposts to see if we could find any clue to this supernatural mystery, but it was useless. In the morning the whole regiment was restless and disturbed. They wanted to leave the station at once, as they did not want to be under the curse of Buddha. After much hard work I persuaded them to remain at least one more day.

The following night I went on guard with Young McDowell. All was quiet until about midnight, when we heard a rustling of the bushes. I looked up. Not more than a hundred yards away was a cheetah, who appeared to be spitting fire. At first we were dumfounded at this sight, but we soon came to our senses and fired at the animal. One of the bullets must have struck him in the eye, for he gave a terrible yell and dropped to the ground instantly. We approached cautiously, and, making sure that it was dead, we examined it. Suddenly Young McDowell exclaimed: 'I have it. It is nothing more than a clever chemical trick. Why, the professor at Edinburgh showed it to us on a dog. He took a mixture of phosphorus and oil and applied it to the dog's face. The oil was used to prevent the phosphorus from burning the dog's face. When the animal was placed in a dark room he seemed to be spitting fire.'

'But who can have done this?' I asked, puzzled.

'It can be none other than Nana Sahib,' was the reply, 'for, as you know, he was educated at the University of Paris, where he probably learned some chemistry, and, as he knows the traditions of Punjab, he thought he could win the station without fighting.'

We soon carried the body to the center of the town, where most of the men were awake, due to the gunshots. Now that we had the animal, it was an easy matter to explain to them that it was a ruse of Nana Sahib. They finally assented to remain until help came.

The following morning, Colonel Seaton arrived with aid, and Nana Sahib, learning that his ruse had failed, gave battle, but was defeated by our superior forces."

"It sounds to me a bit like taking old Conan Doyle's 'Hound of the Baskervilles' out in the jungle, but it's a good yarn and you win," said Warner, with a sigh.

EDITOR'S FAREWELL

Our copy has gone to the printer's,
The type has been set into line;
The proofs were returned when corrected,
The presses now throbbingly whine;
I clear up the rubbish and litter;
I sigh, though it hasn't been fun;
I think, after all, that I'm sorry,
For I know that my work here is done.

I have put up my scissors and ruler,
My pencils are all thrown away;
My fingers are covered with ink stains,
And the ink that was black is now gray;
I toss out my drying-up inkwell,
My "T" square I hang on the wall,
While my basket's o'erflowing with papers
To light the first fire in the fall.

But when I look back o'er my troubles,
I see that my work is now through;
I think of my four years in High School,
And wonder what they meant to you.
And if by this Book in the future
Some sweet recollections you treasure,
Then my troubles are lightened to nothing,
And my labors have been but a pleasure!

W. B. W., '22.

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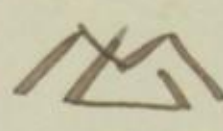
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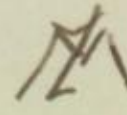
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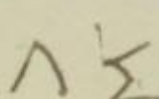
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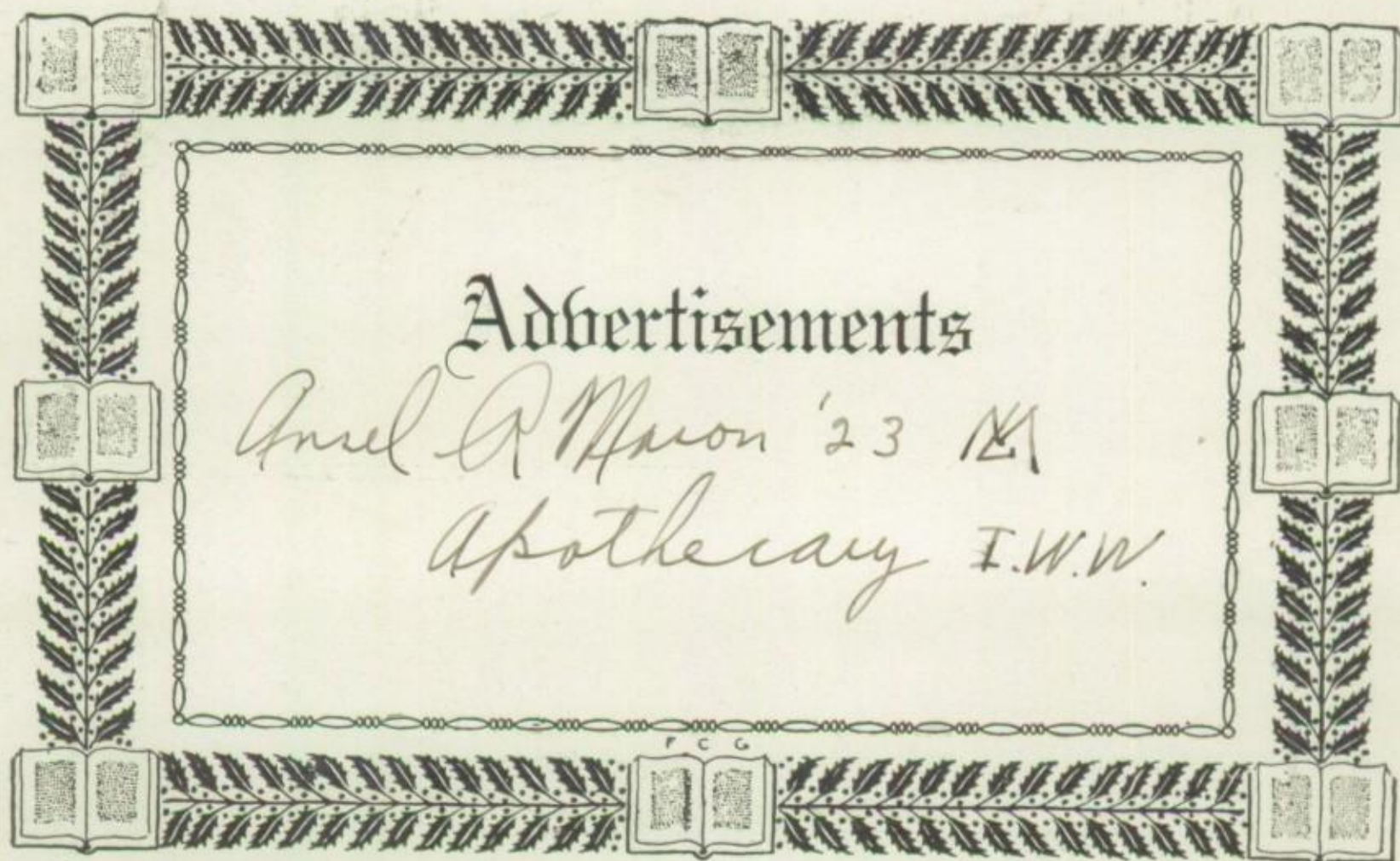
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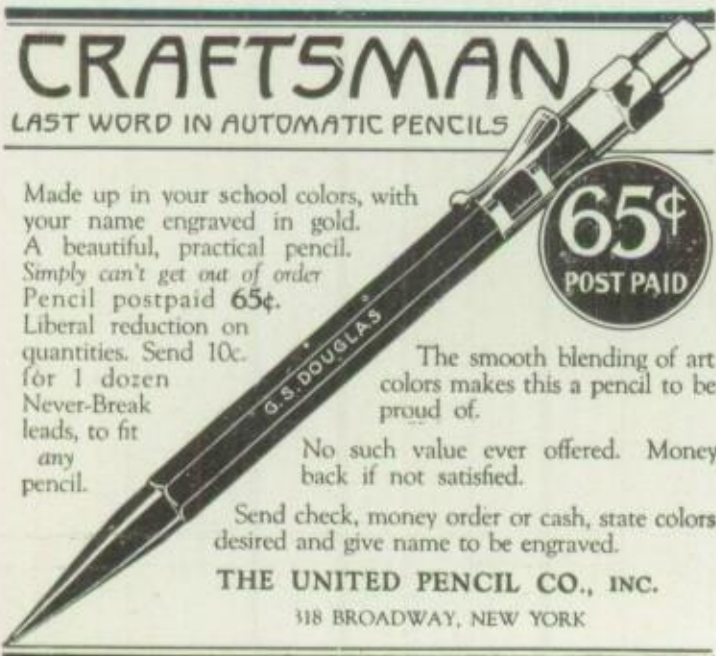
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